To Jim.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas.

Christmas 1942

John

HAMEWITH AND OTHER POEMS

HAMEWITH
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLES MURRAY

Hamewith
A Sough o' War
In the Country Places

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HAMEWITH

HERE on the Rand we freely grant
We're blest wi' sunny weather;
Fae cauld an' snaw we're weel awa',
But man, we miss the heather.

JOHANNESBURG, S.A.

TO MY WIFE

HAMEWITH

Hot youth ever is a ranger,
  New scenes ever its desire ;
Cauld Eild, doubtfu' o' the stranger,
  Thinks but o' haudin' in the fire.

Midway, the wanderer is weary,
  Fain he'd be turnin' in his prime
Hamewith—the road that's never dreary,
  Back where his heart is a' the time.

THE ALIEN

In Afric's fabled fountains I have panned the golden sand—
Caught crocodile with baviaan for bait—
I've fished, with blasting gelatine for hook an' gaff an' wand,
An' lured the bearded barbel to his fate :
But take your Southern rivers that meander to the sea,
And set me where the Leochel joins the Don,
With eighteen feet of greenheart an' the tackle running free—
I want to have a clean fish on.

The eland an' the tsessebe I've tracked from early dawn,
I've heard the roar of lions shake the night,
I've fed the lonely bush-veld camp on dik-kop an' korhaan,
An' watched the soaring vulture in his flight ;
For horn an' head I've hunted, yet the spoil of gun an' spear,
My trophies, I would freely give them all,
To creep through mist an' heather on the great red deer—
I want to hear the black cock call.

In hot December weather when the grass is caddie high
I've driven clean an' lost the ball an' game,
When winter veld is burned an' bare I've cursed the cuppy lie—
The language is the one thing still the same ;
For dongas, rocks, an' scuffled greens give me the links up North,
The whins, the broom, the thunder of the surf,
The three old fellows waiting where I used to make a fourth—
I want to play a round on turf.

I've faced the fremt, its strain an' toil, in market an' in mine,
Seen Fortune ebb an' flow between the " Chains,"
Sat late o'er starlit banquets where the danger spiced the wine,
But bitter are the lees the alien drains ;
For all the time the heather blooms on distant Benachie,
An' wrapt in peace the sheltered valley lies,
I want to wade through bracken in a glen across the sea—
I want to see the peat reek rise.

THE WHISTLE

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,
He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on his knee ;
He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke her eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the seggs,
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they strayed,
But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee herd made !

He wheepled on't at mornin' an' he tweetled on't at nicht,
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o' sicht,
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up the closs,
The kitlin's got his supper syne, an' he was beddit boss ;
But he cared na doit nor docken what they did or thocht or said,
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup for weeks,
But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had breeks ;
He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on the fire,
He was whistlin' ower the travise to the baillie in the byre ;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that hae pipin' for their trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd made.

He played a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through the mist,
Till the halflin squared his shou'ders an' made up his mind to 'list ;
He tried a spring for wooers, though he wistna what it meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' an' he thocht she maybe kent ;
He got ream an' buttered bannocks for the lovin' lilt he played.
Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd made ?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels, an' jigs,
The foalie flang his muckle legs an' capered ower the rigs,
The grey-tailed futt'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain strathspey,
The bawd cam' loupin' through the corn to " Clean Pease Strae " ;

The feet o' ilka man an' beast gat youkie when he played—
Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd made ?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an' the winter brocht him dool,
When in spite o' hacks an' chilblains he was shod again for school ;
He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o' three,
He was keepit in an' lickit when the ither loons got free ;
But he aften played the truant—'twas the only thing he played,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd made !

SKEELY KIRSTY

A STANE-CAST fae the clachan heid
An auld feal dyke enclosed a reed
O' garden grun', where flower an' weed
In spring grew first aye ;
An' there the humble hauddin' steed
O' Skeely Kirsty.

Upon the easin' sods a fou
Thick-leaved an' sappy yearly grew,
Which, for a scrat or scabbit mou',
Beat aught in " Buchan " ;
An' draughts fae herbs she used to brew
That drank like brochan.

To heal a heid, or scob a bane,
To ease a neebour's grippit wean,
Or thoom a thraw, there wasna ane
Could e'er come near her ;
Nae income, fivver, hoast, nor nane
Would ever steer her.

She cured for pleasure, nae for fees ;
Healed man an' beast wi' equal ease :
She gae a lotion for the grease
To Spence the carrier,
That cured his mear, when the disease
Gaed ower the farrier.

Was there a corp to streek or kist,
She aye was foremost to assist ;
She grat to think " how he'd be miss't,
Sae good and gifted " !
Syne handed roon' anither taste
Afore they lifted.

Ae morn grim Death—that poacher fell—
Gat Kirsty in his girn hersel' ;
Nae epitaph her virtues tell,
It needs nae vreetin' :
On ae thing maistly Fame will dwell—
Her gift o' greetin'.

THE ANTIQUARY

A LITTLE mannie, nae ower five feet three,
Sae bent wi' eild he lookit less than that,
His cleadin' fashioned wi' his tastes to 'gree,
Fae hose an' cuitikins to plaid an' hat.

His cot stob-thackit, wi' twa timmer lums,
A box-bed closet 'tween the but an' ben,
A low peat fire, where bauldrins span her thrums,
Wat dried his beets, an' smoked, an' read his lane.

The horn-en' fu' o' craggins, quaichs, an' caups,
Mulls, whorls, an' cruisies left bare room to stir ;
Wi' routh o' swourds an' dirks a' nicks an' slaps,
An' peer-men, used langsyne for haudin' fir.

He'd skulls in cases, lest the mouldy guff
Should scunner frien's, or gather muckle flees ;
He'd querns for grindin' either meal or snuff,
An' flints an' fleerishes to raise a bleeze.

Rowed in a cloutie, to preserve the glint,
He had a saxpence that had shot a witch,
Sae stark, she hadna left her like ahint
For killin' kye or giein' fouk the itch.

He kent auld spells, could trail the rape an' spae,
He'd wallets fu' o' queer oonchancie leems,
Could dress a mart, prob hoven nowt, an' flay ;
Fell spavined horse, an' deftly use the fleems.

He lived till ninety, an' this deein' wiss
He whispered, jist afore his spirit flew—
" Gweed grant that even in the land o' bliss
I'll get a bield whaur some things arena new."

JEAMES

It's but a fortnight since we laid him doon,
An' cut the sods to hap his narrow lair—
On Sunday still the grass was dry an' broon;
An' noo they're up again the kist is bare,
For Bell this day we e'en maun lay aboon,
An' face in fun'ral blacks the drift ance mair.

Twa Fiersdays back she seem'd baith swak an' strang,
A' day her clogs were clankin' roon' the closs;
An' tho' an income she'd complained o' lang,
It never kept her yet fae kirk or moss.
Wha would hae thocht she'd be the next to gang
That never grieved a grain at Jeames's loss?

It seem'd richt unco—faith, 'twas hardly fair,
Just when he thocht to slip awa' at last
An' drap for aye the trams o' wardly care—
The muckle gates aboon were barely fast
Ere she was pechin' up the gowden stair,
An' fleechin' Peter till he let her past.

When Jeames—I'se warrant ye, wi' tremblin' shins—
Stands forrit, an' they tak' the muckle beuk
To reckon up his shortcomes, slips, an' sins,
She'll check the tally fae some canny neuk,
An' prod his memory when he begins
Should there be ony he would fain o'erleuk.

That Scuttrie Market when he was the waur—
He thocht the better—o' a drap o' yill,
An' fell at Muggart's door amo' the glaur,
Forgot the shaltie ower the hindmost gill,
Syne stoitered aff alane, he kent nae whaur,
An' sleepit wi' the sheep on Baadin's hill.

That Fast-day when he cawed an early load,
When craps were late an' weather byous saft,
Instead o' daund'rin' to the Hoose o' God
An' noddin' thro' " fourteenthly " in the laft ;
Or how he banned the Laird upon the road—
His bawds an' birds that connached sae the craft.

Nae chance for him to discount or excuse
The wee-est bit, wi' her there keen to tell
How a' was true ; but yet, gin he should choose
To bid them look the credit side as well—
Ae conter claim they canna weel refuse—
The mony patient years he bore wi' Bell.

THE MILLER

When riven wicks o' mou's were rife,
An' bonnets clad the green,
Aye in the thickest o' the strife
Auld Dusty Tam was seen.
Nae Tarlan' man daur flout his fame
Had he a chance to hear;
The Leochel men slid canny hame
When he cam' aff his mear.
At Scuttrie or at Tumblin' Fair
Nane ordered in sae free,
Or kent sae weel the way to share
A mutchkin amo' three.
An' when he took the road at nicht,
His bonnet some ajee,
Ye seldom saw a baulder wicht—
Till Isie met his e'e.
She waited whaur the muirlan' track
Strikes wi' the hamewith turn;
An' ower him there her anger brak'
Like some spate-ridden burn.
The ouzel, startled, left the saugh
An' skimmed alang the lade,
The kitty-neddies fae the haugh
Gaed pipin' ower her head.

But still she flate till Tammas, now
Dismounted on the loan,
Ran to the mill an' pu'd the tow
That set the water on ;
Syne busy banged the girnal lids,
An' tossed the sacks about,
Or steered again the bleezin' sids,
While aye she raved without.
She bann'd the moulter an' the mill,
The intak, lade, an' dam,
The reekit dryster in the kil',
Syne back again to Tam.
Till dark—the minister himsel'
I'll swear he couldna stap her—
Her teethless mou' was like a bell,
Her tongue the clangin' clapper.
Neist mornin' she laid doon the law—
He'd gang nae mair to fairs ;
An' sae he held the jaud in awe
He kept it—till St. Sairs.

THE MILLER EXPLAINS

THE byword "as sweer as the Miller"
Disturbs me but little, for hech!
Ye'll find for ane willin' to bishop
A score sittin' ready to pech.
But come to the brose or the bottle,
There's few need less priggin' than me;
While they're busy blessin' the bannock,
I'm raxin' a han' to fa' tee.
The neighbours clash lood o' my drinkin',
An' naething hits harder than truth;
But tales micht be tempered, I'm thinkin',
Gin fouk would consider my drooth.
Nae doot, at the Widow's displenish
Gey aften I emptied the stoup;
But thrift is a thing we should cherish,
An' whisky's aye free at a roup.
Week in an' week oot, when I'm millin',
The sids seem to stick in my throat;
Nae wonder at markets I'm willin'
To spend wi' a crony a groat.
An' if I've a shaltie to niffer,
Or't maybe some barley to sell,
An oonslockened bargain's aye stiffer—
Ye ken that fu' brawly yersel'.

Fae forbears my thirst I inherit,
As others get red hair or gout ;
The heirship's expensive : mair merit
To me that I never cry out.
An' sae, man, I canna help thinkin'
The neighbours unkindly ; in truth,
Afore they can judge o' my drinkin'
They first maun consider my drooth.

THE PACKMAN

THERE was a couthy Packman, I kent him weel aneuch,
The simmer he was quartered within the Howe o' Tough ;
He sleepit in the barn end amo' the barley strae,
But lang afore the milkers he was up at skreek o' day,
An' furth upon the cheese stane set his reekin' brose to queel
While in the caller strype he gied his barkit face a sweel ;
Syne wi' the ell-wan' in his neive to haud the tykes awa'
He humpit roon' the country side to clachan, craft an ha'.

Upon the flaggit kitchen fleer he dumpit doon his pack,
Fu' keen to turn the penny ower, but itchin' aye to crack ;
The ploomen gaithered fae the fur', the millert fae the mill,
The herd just gied his kye a turn an' skirtit doon the hill,
The smith cam' sweatin' fae the fire, the weaver left his leem,
The lass forgot her comin' kirn an' connached a' the ream,
The cauper left his turnin' lay, the sooter wasna slaw
To fling his lapstane in the neuk, the elshin, birse an' a'.

The Packman spread his ferlies oot, an' ilka maid an' man
Cam' soon on something sairly nott, but never missed till than ;

He'd specs for peer auld granny when her sicht begood
to fail,
An' thummles, needles, preens an' tape for whip-the-cat
to wale,
He'd chanter reeds an' fiddle strings, an' trumps wi'
double stang,
A dream beuk 'at the weeda wife had hankered after lang,
He'd worsit for the samplers, an' the bonniest valentines,
An' brooches were in great request wi' a' kirk-gangin'
queyns.

He'd sheafs o' rare auld ballants, an' an antrin swatch
he sang
Fae " Mill o' Tiftie's Annie " or o' " Johnnie More the
Lang,"
He would lilt you " Hielan' Hairry " till the tears ran
doon his nose,
Syne dicht them wi' a doonward sleeve an' into " James
the Rose " ;
The birn that rowed his shou'ders tho' sae panged wi'
things to sell
Held little to the claik he kent, an' wasna laith to tell,—
A waucht o' ale to slock his drooth, a pinch to clear his
head,
An' the news cam' fae the Packman like the water doon
the lade.

He kent wha got the bledder when the sooter killed his
soo,
An' wha it was 'at threw the stane 'at crippled Geordie's
coo,

He kent afore the term cam' roon' what flittin's we would see,
An' wha'd be cried on Sunday neist, an' wha would like to be,
He kent wha kissed the sweetie wife the nicht o' Dancie's ball,
An' what ill-trickit nickum catched the troot in Betty's wall,
He was at the feein' market, an' he kent a' wha were fou,
An' he never spoiled a story by consid'rin gin 'twas true.

Nae plisky ever yet was played but he could place the blame,
An' tell you a' the story o't, wi' chapter, verse an' name,
He'd redd you up your kith an' kin atween the Dee an' Don,
Your forbears wha were hanged or jiled fae auld Culloden on,
Altho' he saw your face get red he wouldna haud his tongue,
An' only leuch when threatened wi' a reemish fae a rung;
But a' the time the trade gaed on, an' notes were rankit oot
Had lang been hod in lockit kists aneth the Sunday suit.

An' faith the ablach threeve upon't, he never cried a halt
Until he bocht fae Shou'der-win' a hardy cleekit shalt,
An' syne a spring-cairt at the roup when cadger Willie broke,
That held aneth the cannas a' that he could sell or troke;

He bocht your eggs an' butter, an' awat he wasna sweer
To lift the poacher's birds an' bawds when keepers werena near ;
Twa sizzens wi' the cairt an' then—his boolie rowed sae fine—
He took a roadside shoppie an' put " Merchant " on the sign.

An' still he threeve an' better threeve, sae fast his trade it grew
That he thirled a cripple tailor an' took in a queyn to shue,
An' when he got a stoot guidwife he didna get her bare,
She brocht him siller o' her ain 'at made his puckle mair,
An' he lent it oot sae wisely—deil kens at what per cent—
That farmers fan' the int'rest near as ill to pay's the rent ;
An' when the bank set up a branch, the wily bodies saw
They beet to mak' him Agent to hae ony chance ava'.

Tho' noo he wore a grauvit an' a dicky thro' the week,
There never was a bargain gaun 'at he was far to seek,
He bocht the crafter's stirks an' caur, an' when the girse was set
He aye took on a park or twa, an' never rued it yet ;
Till when a handy tack ran oot his offer was the best
An' he dreeve his gig to kirk an' fair as canty as the rest,
An' when they made him Elder, wi' the ladle it was gran'
To see him work the waster laft an' never miss a man.

He sent his sons to college, an' the auldest o' the three—
Tho' wi' a tyauve—got Greek aneuch to warsle thro's degree,
An' noo aneth the soundin' box he wags a godly pow ;
The second loon took up the law, an' better fit there's fyou
At chargin' sax an' auchtpence, or at keepin' on a plea,
An' stirrin' strife 'mang decent fouk wha left alane would 'gree ;
The youngest ane's a doctor wi' a practice in the sooth,
A clever couthy cowshus chiel some hampered wi' a drooth.

The dother—he had only ane—gaed hine awa' to France
To learn to sing an' thoom the harp, to parley-voo an' dance ;
It cost a protty penny but 'twas siller wisely wared,
For the lass made oot to marry on a strappin' Deeside laird ;
She wasna just a beauty, but he didna swither lang,
For he had to get her tocher or his timmer had to gang :
Sae noo she sits " My Lady," an' nae langer than the streen
I saw her wi' her carriage comin' postin' ower Culblean.

But tho' his bairns are sattled noo, he still can cast the coat
An' work as hard as ever to mak' saxpence o' a groat ;
He plans as keen for years to come as when he first began,
Forgettin' he's on borrowed days an' past the Bible span.

See, yon's his hoose, an' there he sits; supposin' we cry in,
It's cheaper drinkin' toddy there than payin' at the Inn,
You'll find we'll hae a shortsome nicht an' baith be bidden back,
But—in your lug—ye maunna say a word aboot the Pack.

THE LETTERGAE

On Sundays see his saintly look—
What grace he maun be feelin',
When stridin' slawly ben the pass,
Or to the lettrin speelin' !
What unction in his varied tones,
As aff the line he screeds us,
Syne bites the fork, an' bums the note,
Ere to the tune he leads us !
Plain paraphrase, or quirky hymn,
Comes a' the same to Peter,
He has a tune for ilka psalm
Nae matter what the metre.
" St. Paul's " or " University "
Wi' equal ease is lifted ;
At " Martyrdom " he fair excels—
Eh ! keep's sirs, but he's gifted !

But see him now, some workin' day
When aproned in his smiddy,
An' mark the thuds 'at shape the shoon,
An' dint the very studdy ;
Or when he cocks his elbuck up
To work the muckle bellows,
An' tells the clachan's latest joke
To loud-lunged farmer fellows ;

Or hear him in the forenicht lilt,
Wi' sober face nae langer,
Some sang, nae fae a Sunday book,
A tune that isna " Bangor " :
To recognize him then, l'll wad,
A stranger it would baffle ;
On Sabbath he's the Lettergae,
The Smith at roup or raffle.

MARGARET DODS

LATE VINTNER IN ST. RONAN'S

Nae mair the sign aboon the door
  Wi' passin' winds is flappin' ;
Fish Nellie comes nae as afore
  Wi' nervous chappin'.
The Captain's followed Francie Tyrell—
  Mind ance he gaed to seek him,
An' felt your besom shaft play dirl
  Doon-by at Cleikum.
Wi' thrift as great as made you build
  To save the window taxin',
Death closed your e'en when greedy Eild
  Cam' schedule raxin'.

How gladly would we lea' the Clubs,
  " Wildfire " or " Helter Skelter,"
Dicht fae our feet a' earthly dubs,
  Had ye a shelter
Whaur trauchled chiels—" an' what for no ? "
  Gin sae it please the gods—
Could rest an' fish a week or so
  At Marget Dods'.
'Twould hearten strangers gin they saw
  Across some caller loanin'
A wavin' sign whaur crook an' a'
  Hung auld St. Ronan.

Then haudin' hard to new-won grace,
  Rejectin' aucht 'at's evil,
Ye wouldna thole in sic a place
  Dick Tinto's Deevil,
But send him sornin' doon the howe
  To some tamteen or hottle,
Whaur birselt vratches fain, I trow,
  Wad dreep a bottle.
An' since you're bye wi' anger noo,
  Send wi' him something caller—
As muckle's slock the gizzened mou'
  O' ae damned " Waller."

THE BACK O' BEYONT IS DRY

Fae the Back o' Beyont the carlie cam',
He fittit it a' the wye ;
The hooses were few, an' the road was lang,
Nae winner the man was dry—
He was covered wi' stoor fae head to heel,
He'd a drouth 'at ye couldna buy,
But aye he sang as he leggit alang
" The Back o' Beyont is dry."

He'd a score o' heather-fed wethers to sell,
An' twa or three scrunts o' kye,
An unbroken cowt to niffer or coup,
A peck o' neep seed to buy ;
But never a price would the crater mak',
The dealers got " No " nor " Ay,"
Till they tittit the tow, he'd dae naething but sough
" The Back o' Beyont is dry."

I' the year o' short corn he dee'd o' drooth,
But they waked him weel upbye,
'Twas a drink or a dram to the cronies that cam',
Or baith an they cared to try.
When the wag-at-the-wa' had the wee han' at twa
Ye shoulda jist heard the cry,
As the corp in the bed gied a warsle an' said
" The Back o' Beyont is dry."

Fae Foggyloan to the Brig o' Potarch,
An' sooth by the Glen o' Dye,
Fae the Buck o' the Cabrach thro' Midmar,
Whaurever your tryst may lie ;
At ilka toll on the weary road
There's a piece an' a dram forbye,
Gin ye show them your groat, an' say laich i' your throat
" The Back o' Beyont is dry."

" The Back o' Beyont is dry,
The Back o' Beyont is dry,
To slocken a drooth can never be wrang,
Sae help yoursel' an' pass it alang,
The Back o' Beyont is dry."

A GREEN YULE

I'm weary, weary houkin', in the cauld, weet, clorty clay,
But this will be the deepest in the yaird ;
It's nae a four fit dibble for a common man the day—
Ilk bane I'm layin' by is o' a laird.
Whaever slips the timmers, lippens me to mak' his bed,
For lairds maun just be happit like the lave ;
An' kistit corps are lucky, for when a'thing's deen an' said,
There's lythe, save for the livin', in a grave.

Up on the watch-tower riggin' there's a draggled hoodie craw
That hasna missed a funeral the year ;
He kens as weel's anither this will fairly ding them a',
Nae tenant on the land but will be here.
Sae up an' doon the tablin' wi' a gloatin' roupy hoast,
He haps, wi' twistit neck an' greedy e'e,
As if some deil rejoicin' that anither sowl was lost
An' waitin' for his share o' the dregie.

There's sorrow in the mansion, an' the Lady that tak's on
Is young to hae sae muckle on her han',
Wi' the haugh lands to excamb where the marches cross the Don,
An' factors aye hame-drauchted when they can.

Come spring, we'll a' be readin', when the kirk is latten oot,
" Displenish " tackit up upon the yett ;
For hame-fairm, cairts an' cattle will be roupit up, I doot,
The policies a' pailin'd aff an' set.

Twa lairds afore I've happit, an' this noo will mak' the third,
An' tho' they spak' o' him as bein' auld,
It seerly seemed unlikely I would see him in the yird,
For lang ere he was beardit I was bald.
It's three year by the saxty, come the week o' Hallow Fair,
Since first I laid a divot on a grave ;
The Hairst o' the Almighty I hae gathered late an' ear',
An' coont the sheaves I've stookit, by the thrave.

I hae kent grief at Marti'mas would neither haud nor bin'—
It was sair for even unco folk to see ;
Yet ere the muir was yellow wi' the blossom on the whin,
The tears were dry, the headstane a' ajee.
Nae bairns, nae wife, will sorrow, when at last I'm laid awa',
Nae oes will plant their daisies at my head ;
A' gane, but I will follow soon, an' weel content for a'
There's nane but fremt to lay me in my bed.

Earth to earth, an' dust to dust, an' the sowl gangs back to God :
An' few there be wha think their day is lang ;
Yet here I'm weary waitin', till the Master gies the nod,
To tak' the gait I've seen sae mony gang.

I fear whiles He's forgotten on his eildit gard'ner here,
But ae day He'll remember me, an' then
My birn o' sins afore Him I'll spread on the Judgment fleer,
Syne wait until the angel says "Come ben."

There noo, the ill bird's flaffin' on the very riggin' stane,
He sees them, an' could tell ye, did ye speer,
The order they will come in, ay, an' name them ilka ane,
An' lang afore the funeral is here.
The feathers will be noddin' as the hearse crawls past the Toll,
As soon's they tap the knowe they'll be in sicht;
The driver on the dickey knappin' sadly on his mull,
Syne raxin' doon to pass it to the vricht.

The factor in the carriage will be next, an' ridin' close
The doctor, ruggin' hard upon his grey;
The farmers syne, an' feuars speakin' laich aboot their loss,
Yet thankfu' for the dram on sic a day.
Ay, there at last they're comin', I maun haste an' lowse the tow
An' ring the lang procession doon the brae;
I've heard the bell sae aften, I ken weel its weary jow,
The tale o' weird it tries sae hard to say.

Bring them alang, the young, the strang,
The weary an' the auld;
Feed as they will on haugh or hill,
This is the only fauld.

Dibble them doon, the laird, the loon,
King an' the cadgin' caird,
The lady fine beside the queyn,
A' in the same kirkyaird.

The warst, the best, they a' get rest ;
Ane 'neth a headstane braw,
Wi' deep-cut text ; while ower the next
The wavin' grass is a'.

Mighty o' name, unknown to fame
Slippit aneth the sod ;
Greatest an' least alike face east,
Waitin' the trump o' God.

HAME

THERE's a wee, wee glen in the Hielan's,
Where I fain, fain would be ;
There's an auld kirk there on the hillside
I weary sair to see.
In a low lythe nook in the graveyard
Drearily stands alane,
Marking the last lair of a' I lo'ed,
A wee moss-covered stane.

There's an auld hoose sits in a hollow
Half happit by a tree ;
At the door the untended lilac
Still blossoms for the bee ;
But the auld roof is sairly seggit,
There's nane now left to care ;
And the thatch ance sae neatly stobbit
Has lang been scant and bare.

Aft as I lie 'neath a foreign sky
In dreams I see them a'—
The auld dear kirk, the dear auld hame,
The glen sae far awa'.
Dreams flee at dawn, and the tropic sun
Nae ray o' hope can gie ;
I wander on o'er the desert lone,
There's nae mair hame for me.

SPRING IN THE HOWE O' ALFORD

THERE's burstin' buds on the larick now,
A' the birds are paired an' biggin' ;
Saft soughin' win's dry the dubby howe,
An' the eildit puir are thiggin'.

The whip-the-cat's aff fae hoose to hoose,
Wi' his oxtered lap-buird lampin',
An' hard ahint, wi' the shears an' goose,
His wee, pechin' 'prentice trampin'.

The laird's approach gets a coat o' san',
When the grieve can spare a yokin' ;
On the market stance there's a tinker clan,
An' the guidwife's hens are clockin'.

The mason's harp is set up on en',
He's harlin' the fire-hoose gable ;
The sheep are aff to the hills again
As hard as the lambs are able.

There's spots o' white on the lang brown park,
Where the sacks o' seed are sittin' ;
An' wily craws fae the dawn to dark
At the harrow tail are flittin'.

The liftward lark lea's the dewy seggs,
  In the hedge the yeldrin's singin' ;
The teuchat cries for her harried eggs,
  In the bothy window hingin'.

Nae snaw-bree now in the Leochel Burn,
  Nae a water baillie goupin'—
But hear the whirr o' the miller's pirn,
  The plash where the trouts are loupin'.

THE HINT O' HAIRST

O FOR a day at the Hint o' Hairst,
Wi' the craps weel in an' stackit,
When the farmer steps thro' the corn-yard,
An' counts a' the rucks he's thackit :

When the smith stirs up his fire again,
To sharpen the ploughman's coulter ;
When the miller sets a new picked stane,
An' dreams o' a muckle moulter :

When cottars' kail get a touch o' frost,
That mak's them but taste the better ;
An' thro' the neeps strides the leggin'd laird,
Wi' 's gun an' a draggled setter :

When the forester wi' axe an' keel
Is markin' the wind-blawn timmer,
An' there's truffs aneuch at the barn gale
To reist a' the fires till simmer.

Syne O for a nicht, ae lang forenicht,
Ower the dambrod spent or cairtin',
Or keepin' tryst wi' a neebour's lass—
An' a mou' held up at pairtin'.

WINTER

Now Winter rides wi' angry skirl
On sleety winds that rive an' whirl,
An' gaberlunzie-like plays tirl
At sneck an' lozen.
The bairns can barely bide the dirl
O' feet gane dozin.

The ingle's heaped wi' bleezin' peats
An' bits o' splutt'rin' firry reets
Which shortly thow the ploughmen's beets ;
An' peels appear
That trickle oot aneth their seats
A' ower the fleer.

The auld wife's eident wheel gaes birr,
The thrifty lasses shank wi' virr ;
Till stents are finished nane will stir
Lest Yule should come,
When chiels fae wires the wark mith tirr
To sweep the lum.

The shepherd newly fae the hill
Sits thinkin' on his wethers still ;
He kens this frost is sure to kill
A' dwinin' sheep :
His collie, tired, curls in its tail
An' fa's asleep.

Now Granny strips the bairns for bed :
Ower soon the extra quarter fled
For which sae sairly they had pled :
But there, it chappit ;
An' sleepy " gweed words " soon are said,
An' cauld backs happit.

The milkers tak' their cogues at last,
Draw moggins on, tie mutches fast,
Syne hap their lantrens fae the blast
Maun noo be met ;
An' soon the day's last jot is past,
Milk sey'd an' set.

Syne Sandy, gantin', raxes doon
His fiddle fae the skelf aboon,
Throws by the bag, an' souffs a tune,
Screws up a string,
Tries antics on the shift, but soon
Starts some auld spring.

Swith to the fleer ilk eager chiel
Bangs wi' his lass to start the reel,
Cries " Kissin' time " ; the coy teds squeal,
An' struggle vainly :
The sappier smacks whiles love reveal,
But practice mainly.

An opening chord wi' lang upbow
The fiddler strikes, syne gently now

Glides into some Strathspey by Gow,
Or Marshall 't may be ;
The dancers lichtly needle thro' ;
Rab sets to Leebie.

Wi' crackin' thooms " Hooch ! Hooch ! " they reel,
The winceys, spreadin' as they wheel,
Gie stolen glints o' souple heel
An' shapely queet.
The guidman claps his hands, sae weel
He's pleased to see't.

The wrinkles leave the shepherd's broo,
For see the sonsy mistress too
Shows what the aulder fouks can do,
An', licht's a bird,
Some sober country dance trips thro'
Wi' Jock the herd.

Syne lads wha noo can dance nae mair
To cauldrife chaumers laith repair ;
An' lasses, lauchin', speel the stair,
Happy an' warm.
For liftin' hearts an' killin' care
Music's the charm !

When frost is keen an' winter bauld,
An' deep the drift on muir an' fauld ;
When mornin's dark an' snell an' cauld
Bite to the bane ;
We turn in thocht, as to a hauld,
To some sic e'en.

R. L. S.

He hears nae mair the Sabbath bells
Borne on the breeze amang Lowden's dells,
Nor waukens when the bugle tells
The dawn o' day.

Fate was the flute the Gauger played,
Cheerin' him on wi' its hopes ahead ;
Now " O'er the hills " the master's laid
" An' far away."

Tho' frail the bark, O he was brave,
Nor heedit the stormy winds that drave ;
But lanely now the sailor's grave
Across the faem.

The deer unhunted roam at will,
The whaup cries sair on the dreary hill,
The chase is o'er, the horn is still :
The hunter's hame.

BURNS' CENTENARY

"I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present."—R. B., 1796.

"My fame is sure; when I am dead
A century," the Poet said,
"They'll heap the honours on my head
They grudge me noo";
To-day the hundred years hae sped
That prove it true.

Whiles as the feathered ages flee,
Time sets the sand-glass on his knee,
An' ilka name baith great an' wee
Shak's thro' his sieve;
Syne sadly wags his pow to see
The few that live.

An' still the quickest o' the lot
Is his wha made the lowly cot
A shrine, whaur ilka rev'rent Scot
Bareheadit turns.
Our mither's psalms may be forgot,
But never Burns.

This nicht, auld Scotland, dry your tears,
An' let nae sough o' grief come near's ;
We'll speak o' Rab 's gin he could hear's ;
Life's but a fivver,
And he's been healed this hundred years
To live for ever.

FAME

I saw a truant schoolboy chalk his name
Upon the Temple door ; then with a shout
Run off ; that night a weary beggar came,
Leant there his ragged back and rubbed it out.

Dry-lipped she stands an' casts her glance afar,
Ae hand across her brows to shield her een,
Her horn flung careless on the tapmost scaur,
Where names deep chiselled in the rocks are seen.
An' far below, on ilka ridge an' knowe,
A warslin' thrang o' mortals still she spies,
Wha strive an' fecht an' spurn the grassy howe—
Thro' whins an' heather ettlin' aye to rise.
Ane whiles she sees, wha, perched upon a stane,
Proclaims that he at least the goal has won,
But shortly finds he's shiverin' there his lane
Wi' scores aboon, between him an' the sun.
Another, sair forfochen wi' the braes,
Enjoys the view while he has strength to see ;
" Weel's better aye than waur," content, he says,
" Thus far is far an' far aneuch for me."
Some wise, or lazy, never quit the glen,
But stretched at easedom watch the hill aboon,
Glad whiles to see ane gettin' up they ken,
But aft'ner pleased to see him rumblin' doon.

Ane, better shod or stronger than the lave,
Gets near aneuch to grip her skirts at last ;
She lifts her horn an' o'er a new-made grave
Awakes the echoes wi' a fun'ral blast.

THE AE REWARD

GAE wauken up the Muses nine ;
Tho' we've nae plaited bays
Aroon' their curly pows to twine,
We winna stent them praise.
Gin music tak' her chanter doon,
Her sister start a sang,
The other saeven join the tune
An' lift it lood an' lang.

First set the tune to suit the time
When we were loons at school,
The sang can be a careless rhyme
Nae measured aff by rule.
We stole our pleasures then, prepared
Wi' hands held out to pay ;
Were aulder sins as easy squared,
Oor slates were clean the day.

Syne twa three bars in safter key
For days o' youthfu' love,
When lasses a' to you an' me
Were angels fae above.
Lang-leggit Time, but he was fleet
When we'd a lass the piece,
When bondage aye o'er a' was sweet,
An' freedom nae release.

Noo stamp an' blaw a skirl o' war—
The times that noo we hae,
An' gin the need be near or far
We're ready for the day.
The tykes are roon' the lion's lair,
We've seen the like before,
An' seldom hae they wanted mair
When ance they heard him roar.

Syne choke the drones—ae reed's enew
To play the days to come,
When auld Age stachers into view
An' adds up a' the sum.
We've loved an' focht an' sell't an' bocht
Until we're short o' breath ;
The auld kirkyard the ae reward,
An' that we get fae Death.

" MY LORD "

Nakit tho' we're born an' equal,
Lucky anes are made Police ;
An' if civil life's the sequel,
Honours but wi' age increase,
Till a Baillie, syne selected
Ruler ower the Council Board,
An' tho' never re-elected,
" Ance a Provost, aye ' My Lord.' "

Credit's got by advertisin'
Ye hae siller still to lend ;
Get the word o' early risin',
Ye can sleep a week on end.
Gie a man a name for fightin'—
Never need he wear a sword ;
Men will flee afore his flytin'—
" Ance a Provost, aye ' My Lord.' "

But for mischief name a body,
He can never win aboon't,
Folk wad swear he chate the wuddy
In the lint-pot gin he droon't ;
For unless ye start wi' thrivin',
A' your virtues are ignored,
Vain a' future toil an' strivin'—
" Ance a Provost, aye ' My Lord.' "

IN THE GLOAMIN'

Why sinks the sun sae slowly doon
  Behind the Hill o' Fare ?
What restless cantrip's ta'en the moon ?—
  She's up an hour an' mair.
I doubt they're in a plot the twa
  To cheat me o' the gloamin' ;
Yestreen they saw me slip awa',
  An' ken where I gang roamin'.

The trees bent low their list'nin' heads
  A' round the Loch o' Skene ;
The saft winds whispered 'mang the reeds
  As we gaed by yestreen.
The bee, brushed fae the heather bell,
  Hummed loudly at our roamin',
Syne hurried hame in haste to tell
  The way we spent the gloamin'.

The mavis told his mate to hush
  An' hearken fae the tree ;
The robin keekit fae a bush
  Fu' pawkily an' slee.
An' now they sing o' what they saw
  Whenever we gang roamin' ;
They pipe the very words an' a'
  We whispered in the gloamin'.

The wintry winds may tirr the trees,
  Clouds hide baith sun an' moon,
An early frost the loch may freeze,
  An' still the birdies' tune.
The bee a harried bike may mourn,
  An' mirk o'ertak' the gloamin',
But aye to thee my thochts will turn,
  Wherever I gang roamin'.

THE MAID O' THE MILL

The cushie doos are cooin' in the birk,
The pee-weets are cryin' on the lea,
The starlings in the belfry o' the kirk
Are layin' plans as merry as can be.
The mavis in the plantin' has a mate,
The blackbird is busy wi' his nest,
Then why until the summer should we wait
When spring could see us happy as the rest ?

There's leaves upon the bourtree on the haugh,
The blossom is drappin' fae the gean,
There's buds upon the rantree an' the saugh,
The ferns about the Lady's Well are green.
A' day the herd is liltin' on the hill,
The o'ercome o' ilka sang's the same :
" There are ower mony maidens at the Mill,
It's time the ane I trysted wi' cam' hame ! "

THE WITCH O' THE GOLDEN HAIR

Auld carlins ride on their brooms astride
  Awa' thro' the midnight air,
But they cast nae spell on a man sae fell
  As the Witch o' the Golden Hair.

Nae a fairy free 'neath the hazel tree
  That dances upon the green
Ever kent a charm that could heal or harm
  Like the glint o' her twa blue een.

Fae the earth she's reived, fae the Heav'n she's thieved,
  For her cauldron's deadly brew ;
She laughs at the stounds o' the hearts she wounds,
  For what recks the Witch o' rue ?

Lang, lang may the vine in its envy twine
  To compass a bower sae rare,
As will peer, I trow, wi' her broad low brow
  An' her wavin' golden hair.

The bloom fae the peach that we ne'er could reach,
  The red that the apple missed,
You'll find if you seek on the Witch's cheek,
  Left there when the summer kissed.

The blue drappit doon fae the lift aboon
To shine in her dancin' een ;
An' the honey-bee sips fae her red, red lips,
Syne brags o' the sweets between.

Wi' a magic wile she has won the smile
That the mornin' used to wear,
An' the gold the sun in his splendour spun
Lies tangled amang her hair.

The saft south wind cam' to her to find
A haven to sink an' die,
An' the breath o' myrrh it bequeathed to her
You'll find in the Witch's sigh.

The dimples three that you still can see
Are a' she can claim her ain,
For in Nature fair naught can compare
Wi' them ; they are hers alane.

ARLES

For arles he gae me a kiss,
An' twa ilka day was my fee ;
A bargain nae surely amiss,
If paid where naebody could see.

But scarce was the compact complete
Ere I would hae broken't again,
The arles he gae were sae sweet,
For mair o' them, Sirs, I was fain.

It's braw wi' the tweezlock to twine
Lang rapes in the barn sae lythe,
Yet better by far when it's fine,
An' I gaither after his scythe.

O busy's the banster at e'en,
Till bedtime he sits an' he glooms,
An' aye he cries, " Lassie, a preen,"
An' worries the stobs in his thooms.

The laddie is tired wi' the rake,
Sleep soon puts a steek in his e'e,
An' I slip awa' to the break
An' cannily gather my fee.

WHERE LOVE WAS NANE

At farmers' faugh lairds still may laugh,
An' the tinker sing as he clouts the pan ;
But what will cheer my bairnie dear
When he kens his father's a witless man ?

Bought by a ring, puir silly thing,
An' bent by the wind o' my kinsfolk's breath,
Wha would gang braw, if that were't a' ?—
O ! a loveless life it is waur than death !

Will land or hoose seem good excuse
For a mither married where love was nane ?
It's hard for me, this weird to dree,
But it's waur that I canna bear't my lane.

My puir wee bairn, ye'll live to learn
How heavy the burden ye hae to bear.
What's gold or name when born to shame,
An' o' sic a twasome to be the heir ?

THE DEIL AN' THE DEEVILOCK

THE muckle Deil lay at the mirk pit mou',
An' hard at his heel lay a Deevilock ;
While the brimstane reek wi' an upward spew
Swirled roon' baith the Deil an' the Deevilock.
As their tails like flails were fannin' the air,
Said the big ane then to the wee ane there :
" In colour an' scouk we are sib as sins,
Wi' a half ell mair we would pass for twins."
(" A wee toad spits," quo' the Deevilock.)

" Since the warl' was made "—'twas the auld Deil spak'—
(" That's a far cry noo," quo' the Deevilock.)
" I hae wandered far but I've aye come back."
(" To a het hame too," quo' the Deevilock.)
" Since first I set oot wi' a teem new creel,
Haena mortals changed an' their ways as weel !
For then I was thin an' had wark enew,
Noo I'm fat as creesh, an' the furnace fu'."
(" Improve the draught," quo' the Deevilock.)

" Then aften I swore at the cloven hoof,"
(" It's gey ill to shee," quo' the Deevilock.)
" An' the horns an' tail scared mony a coof."
(" Faith they hamper me," quo' the Deevilock.)

" Gin I taul' ye noo ye would scarce believe
The bother I had wi' that besom Eve ;
But forbid her noo, ye would find, I ween,
She would eat the crap while it yet was green."
(" Syne lift the tree," quo' the Deevilock.)

" In the early days I would aften fail,"
(" Syne sae lood God leuch," quo' the Deevilock.)
" To wile them awa' to my henchman Baal."
(" Wasna auld Job teuch ? " quo' the Deevilock.)
" The brawest an' best o' my weel waled flock
Struggled lang an' sair wi' a reeshlin' pock ;
I nickit him tho', at the hinder-end,
Wi' the thirty croons that he couldna spend.
(" He'd lots o' heirs," quo' the Deevilock.)

" But willin' an' keen they come half roads noo,"
(" Saul ! in fair big croods," quo' the Deevilock.)
" An' the backward anes are baith far an' few."
(" Curse your platitudes," quo' the Deevilock.)
" They crack roon' the fire, an' are nae mair blate
Than a bonnet laird wi' a new estate ;
Their hands playin' smack on their birslin' shins
As they lauch an' brag o' their former sins."
(" Hame's aye hame-like," quo' the Deevilock.)

" An' you, ye're the warst o' my horny crew " ;
(" I'm sorry I spak'," quo' the Deevilock.)
" Nae an antrin' jot leavin' me to do."
(" An' I aye blush black," quo' the Deevilock.)
" For a hungry chiel ye've an open gate,
Help the elder pooch fae his ain kirk plate ;

Nae a leein' man nor a faithless dame
But is coontin' kin, when they hear your name."
(" I'm ' Canny-chance,' " quo' the Deevilock.)

" Wi' the ministers ye are mair than thrang,"
(" Took a Sunday twice," quo' the Deevilock.)
" Aye giein' them texts to support a wrang."
(" Guid halesome advice," quo' the Deevilock.)
" When in Auchterless ye suggest the prayer—
' Show my duty, Lord, lies in Auchtermair ' ;
An' when stipens shrink wi' the fa' in fiars,
Siccan sizzons ban as ye mix your tears."
(" We're a' ae claith," quo' the Deevilock.)

" Ye hae even dealt amo' stocks an' shares,"
(" Selled some to arrive," quo' the Deevilock.)
" An' made likely men into millionaires."
(" Hoot, our bairns maun thrive," quo' the Deevilock.)
" Ye startit a war, an' to raise a loan
Showed a spen'thrift king how to wadset 's throne ;
An' raikit them in fae the bench an' cell,
Till the Fact'ry Act is in bits in Hell."
(" Nae half-time there," quo' the Deevilock.)

" Nae a pleasant thing hae ye left aneth,"
(" There's the company," quo' the Deevilock.)
" An' a weary Deil canna look for death."
(" Here's lang life to me," quo' the Deevilock.)
" It's Hell to hae naething to do but sit
An' curse at the creak o' the birlin' spit ;
I'm red, red wi' rust, save the jinglin' keys,
I'd swap wi' a god wha is fond o' ease."
(" Ha ! ha !—ha ! ha ! " quo' the Deevilock.)

A BACKCAST

How lanely the nichts by the auld ingle cheek,
Ohone, but a mither is nae like a wife,
Regret on the creepie sits watchin' the reek,
An' whaur are the bairnies to comfort my life?

The backcast is dreary o'er years that are spent,
The rowan is withered, an' leafless the gean,
They're gane noo for ever, but, eh! had I kent,
Grim winter is reignin' where summer was queen.

I dammed for the lade that had never a wheel,
The chickens were bonnie but noo they're awa',
The castles I biggit gie other folk biel'.
O wae tak' the gled that gaed aff wi' them a'.

A lassie proved fickle, unfaithfu' a frien',
Tho' soorocks an' tansies grow green in the ha',
An' a mither is a' I hae left o' my ain,
The ivy sae kindly aye covers the wa'.

THE LAWIN'

The way o' transgressors is hard ;
There cometh a day
The Wicked will get their reward,
The Devil his pay.

Cauld Death is the wages o' Sin :
Stents finished, we rue :
The thread, tho' sae pleasant to spin,
Has connached the woo'.

As soon as we've emptied the caup
The lawin's to clear ;
Tho' thistles be only the crap
The sawer maun shear.

Sae let us consider it weel
Ere joinin' the fling,
The dancer when tired o' the reel
Maun pay for the spring.

Then coont on the Lawin', the Lawin', the Lawin',
Keep mind o' the Lawin', forget na the score ;
We pay what we're awin', we're awin', we're awin',
We pay a' we're awin' when Death's at the door.

THE GYPSY

O WASNA he bauld for a tinker loon,—
  Sim leant on his rake an' swore—
To fling a' his wallets an' bawd-skins doon,
  An' rap at the castle door.

Wi' my Lord awa' at the Corbie's linn
  There was man nor dog at hame,
Save a toothless bitch 'at was auld an' blin',
  An' the gard'ner auld an' lame.

When my Lady heard she cam' doon the stair,
  An' ben thro' the antlered ha',
Whaur, bonnet in hand, stood the gypsy there
  As raggit as she was braw.

" O I hinna kettles to clout," she said,
  " An' my spoons an' stoups are hale,
But gin ye gang roon' to the kitchen maid
  She'll gie ye a waucht o' ale."

" It's never the way o' the gentry, na,
  When visitin' 'mang their frien's,
To drink wi' the maids in the servants' ha'
  Or speak about stoups an' speens.

" An' we are mair sib than ye think," quo' he,
" For his Lordship's father's mine ;
Tho' the second wife was o' high degree,
His first was a gypsy queyn.

" An' the younger son got the lands an' a',
But the gypsies bettered me ;
He is only laird o' a fairm or twa,
I'm king o' the covin-tree.

" Sae I am guid-brither to you, my lass,
An' head o' the auncient name ;
An' it wouldna be richt for me to pass
Withoot cryin' in by hame."

O a hantle then did the twasome say,
An' muckle passed them between ;
But at last 'twas " Sister, a fair good day,"
" Guid-brither, a fair good e'en."

" *My Lord comes hame fae the huntin' soon,*
An' he's big, weel-faured, an' braw,
But he isna a man like the tinker loon,
Wi' wallets an' rags an' a'."

" *Gin she were as free as the maids I ken,*
Dancin' bar'fit on the green ;
As I am the King o' the gypsy men,
This nicht she would be my Queen."

But the bluid ran thin in the gard'ner Sim,
He'd heard o' the cairds afore,
An' the auld romance had nae charms for him,
He lockit the hen-hoose door.

" BYDAND "

THERE's a yellow thread in the Gordon plaid,
But it binds na my love an' me ;
An' the ivy leaf has brought dool an' grief
Where there never but love should be.

For my lad would 'list : when a Duchess kiss't
He forgot a' the vows he made ;
An' he turned and took but ae lang, last look,
When the " Cock o' the North " was played.

O, her een were bright, an' her teeth were white
As the silver they held between ;
But the lips he pree'd, were they half as sweet
As he vow'd 'at mine were yestreen ?

A poor country lass, 'mang the dewy grass,
May hae whiles to kilt up her goon ;
But a lady hie sae to show her knee,
An' to dance in a boro' toon !

Gin I were the Duke, I could nae mair look
Wi' love on my high-born dame ;
At a kilt or plaid I would hang my head,
An' think aye on my lady's shame.

By my leefu' lane I sit morn an' e'en,
Prayin' aye for him back to me ;
For now he's awa' I forgie him a'
Save the kiss he was 'listed wi'.

THE OUTLAW'S LASS

Duncan's lyin' on the cauld hillside,
Donal's swingin' on the hangman's yew :
Black be the fa' o' the sergeant's bride
Wha broke twa troths to keep ae tryst true.

The red-coats march at the skreek o' day,
An' we maun lie on the brae the night ;
Then here's to them safely on their way,
Speed to the mirk brings the mornin's fight.

Here's luck to me if you chance to fa',
An' here's to luck if it favours you ;
For she's but ane, an' o' us there's twa,
To him that's left may she yet prove true.

In days to come, when the reivers ride,
They'll miss ae sword that was swift an' keen,
An' you or I, as the Fates decide,
Will curse the glint o' a woman's een.

A parting cup, we will drink it noo,
Syne break the quaich to a shattered faith ;
Here's happiness to the lass we lo'e,
The lying lass wha deceived us baith.

The soldiers drink in the change-house free,
The tinker's clinkin' a crackit quaich ;
But cuddlin' there on the sergeant's knee
Wha is the lass that is lauchin' laich ?

CHARON'S SONG

ANOTHER boat-load for the Further Shore,
Heap them up high in the stern;
Nae ane o' them ever has crossed before
An' never a ane 'll return.
Heavy it rides sae full, sae full,
Deep, deep is the River,
But light, light is the backward pull,
The River flows silently on.

A cargo o' corps that are cauld I trow—
They're grippy that grudge the fare—
An' the antrin quick wi' his golden bough
That's swappin' the Here for There.
Heavy it rides sae full, sae full,
Slow, slow is the River,
But light, light is the backward pull,
The River flows silently on.

In vain will they look wha seek for a ford,
Where the reeds grow lank an' lang:
This is the ferry, an' I am the lord
An' king o' the boat an' stang.
Heavy it rides sae full, sae full,
Black, black is the River,
But light, light is the backward pull,
The River, my River, flows on.

VIRGIL IN SCOTS

Æneid, Book iii, 588-640

Neist mornin' at the skreek o' day
The mist had newlins lifted ;
The sky, a whylock syne sae grey,
To fleckit red had shifted :
When suddenly our herts gaed thud
To see a fremt chiel stalkin',
Wi' timorous steps fae out the wud,
As fleyed-like as a mawkin.
Lod ! sic a sicht, half hid in glaur,
It made us a' feel wae, man ;
His hams were thin, his kyte was waur,
It hung sae toom that day, man.
His mattit beard was lang an' roch's
Gin it had ne'er been shorn ;
His kilt could barely fend his houghs
Fae stobs, it was sae torn.
A Greek was he, wha short afore
At Troy was in the brulzie,
An' tho' a halflin then, he bore
A man's pairt in the tulzie.
As soon's he spied our Trojan graith
He nearhan' swarfed wi' fear ;
But maisterin' his dread o' skaith
At last he ventured near.

" I charge you by the stars," he cried,
" An' by the powers on high,
To snatch me hence, nor lat me bide
At Cyclops' hands to die.
I'll no deny that I'm a Greek,
Or that I was at Troy ;
Nor yet to hide the part I'll seek,
That I took in the ploy.
Sae gin ye judge my fau't sae sair
That grace ye daurna gie,
Tear me to bits, fient haet I care,
An' sink me in the sea.
I'll meet my death without a wird,
If dealt by men like these,"
He said : syne flang him on the yird,
An' glammoched at our knees.
Wi' kindly mint we stilled his fear,
Enquired his name an' clan,
An' what fell bluffert blew him here
Wi' sic a hertless flan.
To set him further at his ease
Anchises gae him 's han',
An' heartened by our kindliness
The chiel at last began :
" My name is Achaemenides,
An' Ithaca my land ;
An' some ooks syne I crossed the seas
Wi' poor Ulysses' band.
Oh, why left ever I my hame ?
I'd troubles there enew ;

My comrades left me, to their shame,
When fae Cyclops they flew.
Cyclops himsel', wha can describe?
The stars are ells below him;
Gude send we ne'er may hae to bide
Within a parish o' him.
His dungeon large, a hauddin' fit
For sic an awsome gleed;
There at his fae's dregies he'll sit
An' spairge aboot their bleed.
Wi' horrid scouk he frowns on a'
An' heedless o' their skraichs,
He sweels their monyfaulds awa'
Wi' wauchts fae gory quaichs.
I saw him, sirs, as sure's I live,
Ance as he lay at easedom,
Twa buirdly chiels tak' in his neive,
Syne careless fae him heeze them.
They fell wi' sic a dreadfu' thud,
Whaur stanes lay roon' in cairns;
The causey ran wi' thickened blood
Like stoorum made wi' harns.
I watched him tak' their limbs an' cram
Them ower his weel-raxed thrapple;
The life scarce left the quivering ham
That shivered in his grapple.
But never was Ulysses slack
To pay where he was awin',
An' starkly did he gie him 't back,
An' bravely cleared the lawin'.

For while the hoven monster snored,
An' rifted in his dreams,
We first the great God's help implored
An' blessing on our schemes ;
The kavils cuist : a feerious thrang
Syne gaithered roond aboot,
An' wi' a sturdy pointed stang
We bored his ae e'e oot."

HORACE IN SCOTS

Car. I, II

Tu ne quaesieris

Ye needna speer, Catriona, nae spaewife yet could tell
Hoo short or lang for you an' me the tack o' life will rin,
We'll better jist dree oot the span as we hae dane the ell,
Content gin mony towmonds still we're left to store the kin,
Or this the last we'll see the rocks tashed wi' the weary seas ;
Hae sense an' set the greybeard oot ; wi' life sae short for a'
They're daft that plan ae ook ahead ; Time keeks asklent an' flees
E'en as we crack ; the nicht is oors, the morn may never daw.

HORACE IN SCOTS

Car. I, 38

Persicos odi

Foreign fashions, lad, allure you,
Hamespun happit I would be ;
Bring nae mair, for I assure you
Ferlies only scunner me.

Fancy tartans, clanless, gaudy,
Mention them nae mair, I say ;
Best it suits your service, laddie,
An' my drinkin', hodden-grey.

HORACE IN SCOTS

Car. II, 10

Rectius vives

Tempt not the far oonchancie main,
  Nor fearin' blufferts, frien',
Creep roon' fause headlan's ; haud your ain
  Tack fair atween.

The gowden mids, wha aims at it
  Will shun the tinker's lair,
Nor gantin' in a castle sit
  Whaur flunkeys stare.

The heichest fir storms aft'nest bow ;
  Lums fa' wi' sairest dunt ;
When lightnings rive, bauld Morven's pow
  Drees aye the brunt.

Come weel, come wae, wi' hope or fear
  Prepare your heart for a' ;
The same Power sends the rain will clear
  The cloods awa'.

Tho' here the day ye've waes galore
  The morn may see them gone ;
Fate whiles lays by the dour claymore
  An' tunes the drone.

In trouble bauldly bear yoursel' ;
When thrivin', mind the fret—
" Tho' lang the pig gangs to the well,
Its ae day's set."

HORACE IN SCOTS

Car. III, 9

Donec gratus eram

Hairry

" When Leebie lo'ed me ower them a',
An' deil a dearer daured to fling
An airm aboot her neck o' snaw,
I struttit crouser than the king."

Leebie

" When I was Hairry's only care,
Afore he lo'ed me less than Jean,
Wha spak' o' love at kirk or fair
Set Leebie aye aboon the queen."

Hairry

" Noo Hielan' Jean has witched me sae,
She harps an' sings wi' siccan skill,
Cauld Death can streek me on the strae
Gin he but spare my marrow still."

Leebie

" For Colin dear, my heart's alowe
As his for me, Glen Nochty's heir,
Fate twice at me may shak' his pow
Gin he will still my laddie spare."

HAIRRY

" Gin tinker Love wi' clinks o' brass
Bind baith oor hearts, an' I forget
Red-headit Jean, an' you my lass—
Lang left—again see wide the yett ? "

LEEBIE

" Tho' steady as a starn is he,
An' you're like bobbin' cork, it's true,
Wi' temper grumlie as the sea,
I'd love an' live an' dee wi' you."

HORACE IN SCOTS

Car. III, 15

Uxor pauperis Ibyci

Kirsty, ye besom ! auld an' grey,
  Peer Sandy's wrunkled kimmer,
Death's at your elbuck, cease to play
  Baith hame an' furth the limmer.

Ongauns like yours lads weel may fleg
  Fae lasses a' thegither ;
Tibbie may fling a wanton leg
  Would ill set you her mither.

She Anra's bothy sneck may tirl
  An' loup like ony filly ;
Love stirs her as the pipers' skirl
  Some kiltit Hielan' billie.

Nane pledge or bring you posies noo ;
  Auld wives nae trumps set strummin',
For runts like you the Cabrach woo'—
  It's time your wheel was bummin'.

HORACE IN SCOTS

Car. iii, 26

Vixi puellis

O' life an' love I'm by wi' a',
Tho' I've had cause o' baith to brag ;
Hang dirk an' chanter on the wa',
Nae mair I'll reive or squeeze the bag.

Whaur on the left my lantren gleams
Weel gairdit by the sea-born queen,
I lay my love an' war worn leems,
Hae mony a midnicht tulzie seen.

O Venus, fae your island fair
Wi' snawless mountains, hear an' help,
Rax back your rung, an' ance—nae mair—
Gie saucy Meg a canny skelp.

HORACE IN SCOTS

Epod. II

Beatus ille

Happy is he, far fae the toon's alairm
Wha wons contentit on his forbears' fairm ;
Whistlin' ahint his owsen at the ploo,
Oonfashed wi' siller lent or int'rest due.
Nae sodger he, that's piped to wark an' meat,
Nae bar'fit sailor, fleyed at wind an' weet,
Schoolboard nor Session tempt him fae his hame,
Provost or Baillie never heard his name ;
His business 'tis to sned the larick trees
For lichened hag to stake his early peas,
Or on his plaid amang the braes to lie
Herdin' his sleekit stots an' hummel kye,
Here wi' his whittle nick a sooker saft,
There mark a stooter shank for future graft ;
Whiles fae a skep a dreepin' comb he steals,
Or clips the doddit yowes for winter wheels.
When ower the crafts blythe Autumn lifts her head
Buskit wi' aipples ripe an' roddens red,
He speels the trees the hazel nuts to pu',
An' rasps an' aivrins fill his bonnet fu',—
Fit gifts awat, for gods o' wood an' yaird
To show the gratefu' husbandsman's regaird.

Ah, then 'tis pleasant on saft mossy banks
'Neath auncient aiks to ease his wearied shanks,
Whaur hidden burnies rumblin' onwards row,
An' liltin' linties cheer the peacefu' howe,
An' babblin' springs, as thro' the ferns they creep
Wi' ceaseless croonin' lull to gentle sleep.
When stormy winter comes an' in its train
Brings drivin' drift an' spates o' plashin' rain,
Wi' dog an' ferret then he's roon' the parks
Whaur rabbits in the snaw hae left their marks ;
Or brings wi' smorin' sulphur thuddin' doon
The roostin' pheasant fae the boughs aboon,
Or daunders furth wi' girn an' gun to kill
White hares an' ptarmigan upon the hill.
Wha mid sic joys would ever stop to fash
Wi' trystin' queyns, their valinteens an' trash ?
But gin a sonsy wife be his, she'll help
Wi' household jots, the weans she'll clead an' skelp,
An'—Buchan kimmers ken the way fu' weel
Or Hielan' hizzies—tenty toom the creel
O' lang hained heath'ry truffs to reist the fire
Against her man's return, fair dead wi' tire,
An' byre-ward clatter in her creeshie brogues
To fill wi' foamin' milk the scrubbit cogues,
Syne fae the press the cakes an' kebbuck draw
An' hame-brewed drink nae gauger ever saw—
Plain simple fare ; could partans better please
Or skate or turbot fae the furthest seas,
Brocht to the market by the trawler's airt,
Hawkit fae barrows or the cadger's cairt ?

Nae frozen dainties, nae importit meat,
Nae foreign galshochs, taste they e'er sae sweet,
But I will match them fast as ye can name
Wi' simple berries that we grow at hame—
Wi' burnside soorocks that ye pu' yoursel',
Wi' buttered brose, an' chappit curly kail,
Wi' mealy puddins fae the new killed mart,
Or hill-fed braxy that the tod has spar'd.
What happier life than this for young or auld?
To see the blackfaced wethers seek the fauld,
The reekin' owsen fae the fur' set free
Wear slowly hamewith ower the gowan'd lea,
An' gabbin' servants fae the field an' byre
Scorchin' their moleskins at the kitchen fire.

The banker swore 'mid siccan scenes to die,
" Back to the land " was daily his refrain ;
A fortnicht syne he laid his ledgers by,
The nicht he's castin' his accoonts again !

THE REMONSTRANCE

Noo man, hoo can ye think it richt
To waste your time, nicht after nicht,
An' hunker in the failin' licht
Wi' moody broo,
Like some puir dwinin' thewless wicht
Wi' death in view ?

I've taul' ye aft aneuch it's nae
As if ye'd aught 'at's new to say,
Or said auld things some better way,
Or like some callants
Gat fouk to praise your sangs an' pay
Ye for your ballants.

Instead o' vreetin' like a clerk
Till bed-time brings alang the dark,
Ye should be sportin' in the park
An' hear the clamour
Wad greet ye, should ye pass my mark
Wi' stane or hammer.

Or tak' a daunder roon' the braes
An' hear the blackies pipe their lays,
The liftward laverock's sang o' praise,
An' syne, my billie,
Mak' nae mair verses a' your days—
Shut doon your millie.

THE REPLY

Tho' loud the mavis whistles now
An' blackbirds pipe fae ilka bough
An' laverocks set the heart alowe—
Mid a' the plenty
You'd miss upon the wayside cowe
The twitt'rin' lintie.

An' think you, when the simmer's gane,
When sleet blaws thro' the leafless plane,
An' bieldless birds sit mute an' lane,
The woods a' cheerless,
The hamely robin on the stane
Sings sweet an' fearless.

So tho' my sangs be as you say
Nae marrow for the blackbird's lay,
They may hae cheered somebody's way
Wha wanted better,
An' sent him happier up the brae
My welcome debtor.

Nae care hae I, nor wish to speel
Parnassus' knowe, for mony a chiel
Has tint his time, his life as weel,
To claim a bit o't:
I only crave a wee bit biel'
Near han' the fit o't.

SCOTLAND OUR MITHER

Scotland our Mither—this from your sons abroad,
Leavin' tracks on virgin veld that never kent a road,
Trekkin' on wi' weary feet, an' faces turned fae hame,
But lovin' aye the auld wife across the seas the same.

Scotland our Mither—we left your beildy bents
To hunt wi' hairy Esau, while Jacob kept the tents.
We've pree'd the pangs o' hunger, mair sorrow seen than mirth,
But never niffer'd, auld wife, our rightfu' pride o' birth.

Scotland our Mither—we sow, we plant, we till,
But plagues that passed o'er Egypt light here an' work their will.
They've harried barn an' basket till ruin claims us sure ;
We'd better kept the auld craft an' herdit on the muir.

Scotland our Mither—we weary whiles an' tire ;
When Bad Luck helps to outspan, Regret biggs up the fire ;
But still the hope uphaulds us, tho' bitter now the blast,
That we'll win to the auld hame across the seas at last.

Scotland our Mither—we've bairns you've never seen—
Wee things that turn them northward when they kneel down at e'en ;

They plead in childish whispers the Lord on high will be
A comfort to the auld wife—their granny o'er the sea.

Scotland our Mither—since first we left your side,
From Quilimane to Cape Town we've wandered far an' wide ;
Yet aye from mining camp an' town, from koppie an' karoo,
Your sons richt kindly, auld wife, send hame their love to you.

A SOUGH O' WAR

TO A YOUNG SAPPER
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE
AND TO ALL IN WHAT-
EVER AIRT UPHOLDING
THE FAIR NAME AND
HONOUR OF SCOTLAND

Ye're better men, ye're baulder men,
Ye're younger men forby,
Mair fit we ken than aulder men
To answer Scotland's cry.
Yet mony a chiel that's beld an' grey,
An' trauchlin' at the ploo,
Would fain fling up his tack the day
To face the frem't wi' you.
Gey short o' breath, but keen an' teuch,
It's but his birn o' days
That hauds him here by closs an' cleuch,
Lythe haughs an' heathery braes.

Wi' apron neuks the lasses dicht
Their weary grutten een,
An' waukin' mithers lie at nicht
Thinkin' o' them 'at's gane ;
They're sad an' silent at their meat,
Saft-fittit but an' ben,
But they can thole, for they can greet,—
It's steekit teeth for men.
An' yet they're liftit up an' prood,
They've reason for their pride,
Kennin' the onsets ye've withstood,
The dirdin's ye've defied.

Tak' then for kain these strouds o' rhymes
Fae yont the shoudin' sea,
To mind ye o' the Land at times
That, thanks to you, is free.
Or, neth a lift onkent an' dour,
Whaur new starns rise an' set,
They may come in some antrin 'oor,
To help ye to forget.
An' in the tongue we never tine,
In words as bairns we spak',
Here's Scotland's biddin' in a line,
" Hing in an' haiste-ye back."

A SOUGH O' WAR

The corn was turnin', hairst was near,
But lang afore the scythes could start
A sough o' war gaed through the land
An' stirred it to its benmost heart.
Nae ours the blame, but when it came
We couldna pass the challenge by,
For credit o' our honest name
There could be but the ae reply.
An' buirdly men, fae strath an' glen,
An' shepherds fae the bucht an' hill,
Will show them a', whate'er befa',
Auld Scotland counts for something still.

Half-mast the castle banner droops,
The Laird's lament was played yestreen,
An' mony a widowed cottar wife
Is greetin' at her shank aleen.
In Freedom's cause, for ane that fa's,
We'll glean the glens an' send them three
To clip the reivin' eagle's claws,
An' drook his feathers i' the sea.
For gallant loons, in brochs an' toons,
Are leavin' shop an' yaird an' mill,
A' keen to show baith friend an' foe
Auld Scotland counts for something still.

The grim, grey fathers, bent wi' years,
Come stridin' through the muirland mist,
Wi' beardless lads scarce by wi' school
But eager as the lave to list.
We've fleshed o' yore the braid claymore
On mony a bloody field afar,
But ne'er did skirlin' pipes afore
Cry on sae urgently tae war.
Gin danger's there, we'll thole our share,
Gie's but the weapons, we've the will,
Ayont the main, to prove again
Auld Scotland counts for something still.

1914.

WHA BARES A BLADE FOR SCOTLAND ?

Wha bares a blade for Scotland ? she's needin' ye sairly noo,
What will ye dae for Scotland for a' she has dane for you ?
Think o' the auld-time slogans, the thread runnin' throu' your plaid,
The cairns o' the Covenanters whaur the martyrs' banes are laid ;
Ay, the faith o' your godly fathers, is it naething to you the day ?
Wha bares a blade for Scotland ? noo is the time to say.

Whaur are the bairns she sheltered, the sons she was laith to lose ?
When they wandered awa' on the ootwith roads, whaur-ever their fancy chose ;
Are ye crowdin' the tramps an' troopers, beatin' hame wi' your hearts a-throb ?
Or speakin' as big as ever,—but nae throwin' up your job ?
Ye stand to the toast " Wha's like us ? " an' shout as ye answer " Nane,"
Weel, noo is the time to prove it, i' the teeth o' the warl' again.

O ay, ye said ye were sorry when a chiel that ye kent
was killed,
But did that gar ye miss your mornin', or speir gin his
place was filled?
Ye've read aboot Bruce an' Wallace, an' the fechts that
they focht langsyne,
An' mony a tale an' ballad hauds your forbears' deeds
in min';
O, they were the lads for Scotland, they stood for her
staunch an' true,
But what o' the bairns that's comin', will they say the
same o' you?

Ye ken o' your country's story, is this then to end it a'?
Ye are heirs o' her auncient glory, can ye see sic a fate
befa'?
Can ye look on her purple heather, her hills an' her
howes o' fame,
An' find but a shamefu' tether that keeps ye content at
hame?
Gin Death be the price o' Freedom, Death's little eneuch
to pay;
Wha bares a blade for Scotland? her back's at the wa'
the day.

1915.

TO THE HIN'MOST MAN

THE mist creeps up roun' the hillside sheilins,
The snaw lies deep on the distant Bens,
November skies in the wintry Hielans
Hang dull an' grey ower the lanely glens.
But still I trow fae the clachans yonder
The peat reek curls to the lift the same ;
An' far an' wide tho' our footsteps wander,
Our hearts still turn to the auld Scots Hame.
North or South as our Fate may find us,
East or Wast as our Luck may lan',
Send but the cry, an' abreist ye bind us—
Scotland yet !—to the hin'most man.

THE THRAWS O' FATE

Had I been born in auchty instead o' saxty-three,
Ye wouldna fin' me pu'in' neeps at hame,
But plashin' throu' the boggy haughs in Flanders ower the sea,
Whaur cairn an' cross still tell oor forebears' fame,
An' layin' on wi' dunt for daud until the foemen flee,
Had I been born in auchty an' nae in saxty-three.

Had Jean ta'en me in ninety instead o' ninety-nine,
Oor loon would noo be auld eneuch to list,
Gin he was yonner yarkin' on hale-heartit for the Rhine
I wouldna aye be thinkin' I was miss't.
An' prood an' anxious we would be wi' Donal in the line,
Had I got Jean in ninety instead o' ninety-nine.

Had I been born in saev'nty an' wed in ninety-twa,
The loon an' me had sodgered wi' the rest,
To houk oor trench an' haud it there the mauger o' them a',
An' mairch an' chairge as bauldly as the best,
An' Jean would dicht a dowie e'e wi' baith her men awa',
Had I been born in saev'nty an' wed in ninety-twa.

But I was born ower early an' Donal far ower late,
Sae we maun soss awa' amo' the kye ;
I gang nae mair to markets, o' kirk I've tint the gait,
At smiddy an' at mill I hear the cry
For men, an' here I hing my heid an' ban the thraws o' fate,
That I was born sae early an' Donal cam' sae late.

1915.

THE WIFE ON THE WAR

The wifie was thrang wi' the coggin' o' caur,
An' makin' new cheese an' the yirnin' o't,
But when the guidman loot a wird aboot war
She fairly got on to the girnin' o't.
" Deil birst them," quo' she, " I would pit them in jyle
Oonless they gie ower wi' the killin' o't,
We've wantit bear-meal for oor bannocks this fyle,
There's nane left to leuk to the millin' o't.
An' bide ye, ye'll see, gin this fechtin' hauds on
The hale quintra side will be ruein' o't,
There's nae teucher ley than oor ain on the Don
An' fa's gyaun to tackle the plooin' o't ?
They chairge noo for preens, an' the merchants mainteen
That naething but war is the rizzen o't,
Dyod ! the nation that winna lat ithers aleen
Deserves a lang knife in the wizzen o't.
But it blecks me to see fat it maitters to hiz
Gin Kaiser or Tsar hae the wytin' o't,
Gin the tane tak's a tit at the tither chiel's niz
Need we hae a han' at the snytin' o't ?
Syne see the fite siller on papers ye spen',
The time that ye connach at readin' o't,
Wi' specs on, ye hunker for 'oors upon en',
The wark's left to me an' the speedin' o't."

The aul' man is kittle, he raise on the runt—
" Ye jaud, wi' your tongue an' the clackin' o't,
Were ye whaur I wish—in a trench at the front—
Nae German would stamach the takin' o't.
I tell ye, ye besom, oonless 'at oor loons
Oot yonner can gie them a lickin' o't,
They'll lan' i' their thoosan's an' blaw doon oor toons,
An' start to the stealin' an' stickin' o't.
Syne, Lord ! I can see ye, gyaun doon the neep dreels,
Wi' barely a steek for the happin' o't,
An' a lang soople sodger that's hard at your heels
Wi' a dirk i' your ribs for the stappin' o't.
They'll nail your twa lugs to the muckle mill door,
Like a futtrat that's come to the skinnin' o't,
An' thraw your deucks' necks an' mak' broth o' your caur—
Pit that on your reel for the spinnin' o't."
" Haud, haud," quo' the wifie, " ye're fleggin' us a',
Come haiste ye, gin that be the meanin' o't,
Rax doon the aul' gun fae the crap o' the wa',
It's time ye set on to the cleanin' o't—
Ye aye were richt deidly at doos an' at craws,
An' skeely at Yeel at the sheetin' o't—
Gie me syne the chapper, we'll fell them in raws,
An' leave them sma' brag o' the meetin' o't.
Gin mornin' was come, seen as ever it's licht,
Sen' Rob to the sergeant for dreelin' o't,
An' the deemie will start wyvin' mittens the nicht,—
I've a stockin' mysel' at the heelin' o't.

An' noo jist to cantle oor courage a bit,
An' haud the hairt stoot in the bodie o't,
Fesh oot the black pig, there's a drap in her yet,
An' I'll get the teels to mak' toddy o't."

1915.

FAE FRANCE

Dear Jock,—Like some aul' cairter's mear I'm foonert
i' the feet,
An' oxter-staffs are feckless things fan a' the furth's sae
weet,
Sae, till the wee reid-heidit nurse comes roon' to sort my
bed,
I'll leave my readin' for a fyle, an' vreet to you instead.

Ye hard the claik hoo Germany gied France the coordy
lick,
An' Scotlan' preen't her wincey up an' intill't geyan
quick—
But fouk wi' better thooms than me can redd the raivell't
snorl,
An' tell ye fa begood the ploy that sae upset the worl'.
I ken that I cam' here awa' some aucht days aifter Yeel,
An' never toon nor fee afore has shootit me sae weel ;
They gie me maet, an' beets an' claes, wi' fyles an antrin
dram—
Come term-time lat them flit 'at likes, *I'm* bidin' faur
I am.
Tho' noo an' than, wi' dreepin' sark, we've biggit dykes
an' dell't—
That's orra wark ; oor daily darg is fechtin' fan we're
tell't.

I full my pipe wi' bogie-rowe, an' birze the dottle doon,
Syne snicher, as I crack the spunk, to think hoo things
come roon' ;
There's me, fan but a bairn in cotts, nae big aneuch to
herd,
Would seener steek my nieves an' fecht, than dook or
ca' my gird,
An' mony a yark an' ruggit lug I got to gar me gree,
But here, oonless I'm layin' on, I'm seldom latten be.

As I grew up an' filled my breeks, fyow market days we
saw
But me an' some stoot halflin chiel would swap a skelp
or twa ;
It's three year by come Can'lemas, as I've gweed cause
to min',
That Mains's man an' me fell oot, an' focht about a
queyn.
We left the inn an' cuist oor quytes ahin' the village
crafts,
An' tho' I barely fell't him twice wi' wallops roon' the
chafts,
I had to face the Shirra for't. 'Twas byous hard on me,
For fat wi' lawyers, drinks, an' fine, it took a sax
months' fee.
I would a had to sell't my verge, or smoke a raith on tick,
But for the fleein' merchant's cairt, my ferrets an' the
bick.
Ay, sang ! the Shirra had the gift, an' tongued me up
an' doon ;

But he's a dummy till his sin, fan han'lin' oor platoon ;
Gin's fader saw his birkie noo, an' hard the wye he bans,
He michtna be sae sair on some that fyles comes throu' his han's.
Ae mochie nicht he creepit ben the trench—it's jist a drain—
An' kickit me aneth the quyte an' cursed me braw an' plain—
" Ye eesless, idle, poachin' hurb, ye're lyin' snorin' there,
An' Germans cryin' to be killed, but deil a hair ye care.
Fatever comes ye're for the lythe, to scrat, an' gant an' drink,
An' dream aboot the raffy days fan ye was i' the clink ;
Ye're dubbit to the een, ye slype, ye hinna focht the day,
Come on wi' me' an' see for eence gin ye are worth yer pay."
Man, fan he spak' sae kindly like, fat was there left for me
But jist to answer back as frank, as furth-the-gait an' free—
" Lead on, my Shirra's offisher, gin summons ye've to ser'
Upon thae billies ower the loan, I'll beet ye I'll be there ! "
Syne laden wi' a birn o' bombs we slippit throu' the dark,
An' left upo' the barbit weer gey taits o' breek an' sark ;
They bummed an' droned some unco tune as we crap up ; it raise
Like fae the laft I've hard the quire lift up some paraphrase.
Ae creeshy gurk that led the lave was bessin' lood an' strang,

Fan something hat him i' the kyte that fairly changed
his sang ;
We henched an' flang, an' killed a curn, an' soosh't them
front an' flank,
Like loons that's trued the squeel to stane young pud-
docks i' the stank.

The rippit spread, the rockets raise ; 'twas time for hiz
to skice,
An' tho' we joukit as we ran, an' flappit eence or twice,
Ower aft oor pig gaed to the wall, for noo we strack the
day—
Oor brow Lieutenant onywye—fan a' in lames it lay ;
A bullet bored him throu' the hochs, it took him like a
stane,
An' heelster-gowdie doon he cam' an' brak his shackle-
bane :
To hyste him up an' on my back nott a' my pith an' skeel,
For aye he bad' me lat him lie, an' cursed me for a feel.
" Ging on an' leave me here, ye gype, an' mak' yer feet
yer freen'."
" Na, na," says I ; " ye brocht me here, I'm nae gyaun
hame my leen."
He's little boukit, ay an' licht, an' I'm baith stoot an'
swak,
Yet I was pechin' sair aneuch afore I got him back.
They thocht him fairly throu' at first, an' threepit he was
deid,
But it was naething but a dwaam, brocht on by loss o'
bleed.

'Twas months afore he cower'd fae that, an' he was missed
a lot,
For fan ye meet a hearty breet ye're sorry gin he's shot,
His mither sent a letter till's, a great lang blottit screed.
It wasna easy makin't oot, her vreetin's coorse to read ;
She speir't could she dae ocht for me, sae I sent back a
line—
" Jist bid yer man, fan neist I'm up, ca' canny wi' the fine."

But noo to tell hoo I wan aff fae dreelin', dubs, an' din,
An' landit here wi' nocht to dae but fite the idle pin.
Ae foraneen my neiper chap cried—" Loshtie-goshtie
guide's !
The foumarts maun be caul the day, they've startit
burnin' wydes."
The reek at first was like ye've seen, fan at the fairmer's
biddin',
Some frosty mornin' wi' the graip, the baillie turns the
midden.
But it grew thick, an' doon the win' straucht for oor lines
it bore,
Till shortly we were pyoch'rin' sair an' fleyed that we
would smore ;
An' as ye never ken wi' cyaurds faur ye'll be herried neist,
We fixed oor baignets, speel't the trench, and chairged
them in a breist.
'Twas than I got the skirp o' shell that nail't me i' the
queets,
An' here I'm hirplin' roon' the doors, an' canna thole
my beets.

Some nichts fan I've been sleepin' ill, an' stouns gyaun doon my taes,
Aul' times come reamin' throu' my heid, I'm back amo' the braes ;
Wi' wirms an' wan' I'm throu' the breem, an' castin' up the burn,
Land aye the tither yallow troot, fae ilka rush an' turn :
I hash the neeps an' full the scull, an' bin' the lowin' nowt,
Lythe in the barn lat oot for rapes, or track a fashious cowt ;
I watch the leevers o' the mull swing roon for 'oors an' 'oors,
An' see the paps o' Bennachie stan' up atween the shooers ;
Lead fae a roup a reistin' stirk, that's like to brak the branks,
Or hearken to the cottar wives lyaug-lyaugin' ower their shanks ;
I join the dancers on the buird schottischin' at the games,
An' scutter in the lang forenichts wi' britchin, bit, an' haims ;
Or maybe, cockit on the shaft, fan cairtin' corn or bear,
Cry " Hie " an' " Wo " an' " Weesh " again to guide the steppin' mear.
An' in the daylicht tee, at times, fan lyin' here sae satt,
I've dream't, gin eence the war was by, o' takin' on a craft.
Fan a'thing's sattled for the nicht in stable an' in byre,
It's fine to hae yer ain bow-cheer drawn up anent the fire,

An' hear a roch reid-heidit bairn, wi' ferny-tickled nose,
Tired oot an' hungry fae the closs, come yaummerin' for his brose;
An' syne a wife—but, weesht! for here's my nurse, the couthy ted,
Come cryin' I maun dicht my pen, an' hirsle to my bed.
Gweed nicht!—but bide, or I forget; there's jist ae little thing—
Man, could ye sen' me oot a trumpe? I'm weariet for a spring.
For, Jock, ye winna grudge the stamp to cheer a dweeble frien',
An' dinna back it "Sandy" noo, but "Sergeant" Aberdein.

1916.

BUNDLE AN' GO

It's " Bundle an' go," an' goodbye to the harrow,
Fareweel to the reaper, the rake an' the ploo,
I'm throu' wi' the spaad, an' the graip an' the barrow,
An' naething will ser' me but sodgerin' noo.
Sodgerin' noo.
The grieve canna haud me fae sodgerin' noo.

I'm tired o' the stable, its brushin' an' bleckin',
O' feein' an' flittin', an' cairtin' my kist,
I'm weariet o' sawin', an' sievin' an' seckin',
I've seen my last lowsin', I'm leavin' to 'list.
Leavin' to 'list.
As soon as I'm suppered I'm leavin' to 'list.

The snaw's lyin' deep by the dyke faur it driftit,
The Spring fan it comes will be cankert an' weet,
The yokin' half throu' aye afore the mist's liftit,
There may be a sun but it's seldom we see't.
Seldom we see't.
We hear o' the sun but it's seldom we see't.

The lass I was coortin' has mairriet the miller,
A dusty dour deevil, as bide ye she'll see,
But noo she's awa' it's a savin' o' siller,

Nae mair she'll get fine readin' sweeties fae me.
Sweeties fae me.
The times she got quarters o' sweeties fae me!

I've focht wi' the weather, the wark an' the weemen,
Till faith I'm in fettle for facin' the foe,
An' waukin' or dreamin' I hear the pipes screamin'
"Hie, Jock, are ye ready to bundle an' go?"
Bundle an' go.
Wha bides whan the pipes bid him "Bundle an' go"?

WHEN WILL THE WAR BE BY?

"THIS year, neist year, sometime, never,"
A lanely lass, bringing hame the kye,
Pu's at a floo'er wi' a weary sigh,
An' laich, laich, she is coontin' ever
"This year, neist year, sometime, never,
When will the war be by?"

"Weel, wounded, missin', deid,"
Is there nae news o' oor lads ava?
Are they hale an' fere that are hine awa'?
A lass raxed oot for the list, to read—
"Weel, wounded, missin', *deid*";
An' the war was by for twa.

1916

DOCKENS AFORE HIS PEERS

(Exemption tribunal)

NAE sign o' thow yet. Ay, that's me, John Watt o' Dockenhill :
We've had the war throu' han' afore, at markets ower a gill.
O ay, I'll sit, birze ben a bit. Hae, Briggie, pass the snuff ;
Ye winna hinner lang wi' me, an' speer a lot o' buff,
For I've to see the saiddler yet, an' Watchie, honest stock,
To gar him sen' his 'prentice up to sort the muckle knock,
Syne cry upo' the banker's wife an' leave some settin' eggs,
An' tell the ferrier o' the quake that's vrang aboot the legs.
It's yafa wedder, Mains, for Mairch, wi' snaw an' frost an' win',
The ploos are roustin' i' the fur, an' a' the wark's ahin'.
Ye've grun yersel's an' ken the tyauve it is to wirk a ferm,
An' a' the fash we've had wi' fouk gyaun aff afore the term ;
We've nane to spare for sojerin', that's nae oor wark ava',
We've rents to pey, an' beasts to feed, an' corn to sell an' saw ;

Oonless we get the seed in seen, faur will we be for meal ?
An' faur will London get the beef they leuk for aye at Yeel ?
There's men aneuch in sooters' shops, an' chiels in masons' yards,
An' coonter-loupers, sklaters, vrichts, an' quarrymen, an' cyaurds,
To fill a reg'ment in a week, withoot gyaun vera far,
Jist shove them in ahin' the pipes, an' tell them that it's "War" ;
For gin aul' Scotland's at the bit, there's naethin' for't but list.
Some mayna like it vera sair, but never heed, insist.
Bit, feich, I'm haverin' on like this, an' a' I need's a line
To say there's men that maun be left, an' ye've exemptit mine.
Fat said ye ? Fatna fouk hae I enoo' at Dockenhill ?
It's just a wastrie o' your time, to rin them throu', but still—
First there's the wife—"Pass her," ye say. Saul ! had she been a lass
Ye hadna rappit oot sae quick, young laird, to lat her pass,
That may be hoo ye spak' the streen, fan ye was playin' cairds,
But seein' tenants tak' at times their menners fae their lairds,
I'll tell ye this, for sense an' thrift, for skeel wi' hens an' caur,
Gin ye'd her marrow for a wife, ye woudna be the waur.

Oor maiden's neist, ye've heard o' her, new hame fae buirdin' squeel,
Faur she saw mair o' beuks than broth, an' noo she's never weel,
But fan she's playin' ben the hoose, there's little wird o' dwaams,
For she's the rin o' a' the tunes, strathspeys, an' sangs, an' psalms ;
O' "Evan" an' "Neander" baith, ye seen can hae aneuch,
But "Hobble Jennie" gars me loup, an' crack my thooms, an' hooch.
Weel, syne we hae the kitchie deem, that milks an' mak's the maet,
She disna aft haud doon the deese, she's at it ear' an' late,
She cairries seed, an' braks the muck, an' gies a han' to hyow,
An' churns, an' bakes, an' syes the so'ens, an' fyles there's peats to rowe.
An' fan the maiden's frien's cry in, she'll mask a cup o' tay,
An' butter scones, and dicht her face, an' cairry ben the tray,
She's big an' brosy, reid and roch, an' swippert as she's stoot,
Gie her a kilt instead o' cotts, an' thon's the gran' recruit.
There's Francie syne, oor auldest loon, we pat him on for grieve,
An', fegs, we would be in a soss, gin he should up an' leave ;

He's eident, an' has lots o' can, an' cheery wi' the men,
An' I'm sae muckle oot aboot wi' markets till atten'.
We've twa chaps syne to wirk the horse, as sweir as sweir
can be,
They fussle better than they ploo, they're aul' an'
mairret tee,
An' baith hae hooses on the ferm, an' Francie never kens
Foo muckle corn gyangs hame at nicht, to fatten up their
hens.
The baillie syne, a peer-hoose geet, nae better than a feel,
He slivvers, an' has sic a mant, an' ae clog-fit as weel ;
He's barely sense to muck the byre, an' cairry in the
scull,
An' park the kye, an' cogue the caur, an' scutter wi' the
bull.
Weel, that's them a'—I didna hear—the laadie i' the gig ?
That's Johnnie, he's a littlan jist, for a' he leuks sae big.
Fy na, he isna twenty yet—ay, weel, he's maybe near't ;
Ower young to lippen wi' a gun, the crater would be
fear't.
He's hardly throu' his squeelin' yet, an' noo we hae a
plan
To lat him simmer i' the toon, an' learn to mizzer lan'.
Fat ? Gar him 'list ! Oor laadie 'list ? 'Twould kill
his mither, that,
To think o' Johnnie in a trench awa' in fat-ye-ca't ;
We would hae sic a miss at hame, gin he was hine awa',
We'd raither lat ye clean the toon o' ony ither twa ;
Ay, tak' the wife, the dother, deem, the baillie wi' the
mant,

Tak' Francie, an' the mairret men, but John we canna want.
Fat does he dee? Ye micht as weel speir fat I dee mysel',
The things he hisna time to dee is easier to tell;
He dells the yard, an' wi' the scythe cuts tansies on the brae,
An' fan a ruck gyangs throu' the mull, he's thrang at wispin' strae,
He sits aside me at the mart, an' fan a feeder's sell't
Tak's doon the wecht, an' leuks the beuk for fat it's worth fan fell't;
He helps me to redd up the dask, he tak's a han' at loo,
An' sorts the shalt, an' yokes the gig, an' drives me fan I'm fou.
Hoot, Mains, hae mind, I'm doon for you some sma' thing wi' the bank;
Aul' Larickleys, I saw you throu', an' this is a' my thank;
An' Gutteryloan, that time ye broke, to Dockenhill ye cam'—
"Total exemption." Thank ye, sirs. Fat say ye till a dram?

March, 1916.

AT THE LOANIN' MOU'

The tears were drappin' fae baith her een,
When I was sayin' " Goodbye " the streen,
An' we baith were wae as we weel micht be,
The wife at the mou' o' the loan an' me.

Yet what could I do at a time like this
But lift her chin for a pairtin' kiss,
An' leave her to look to the bairns an' kye,
An' warsle her lane till the war was by ?

Wi' the country cryin' for mair to come,
What man could bide at the lug o' the lum,
Or sleep upon feathers or caff for shame
To think he was lyin' sae saft at hame ?

What scaith may come man canna foresee,
But naething waur can a mortal dree
Than leavin' a wife at a time like noo,
Greetin' her lane at the loanin' mou'.

LAT'S HEAR THE PIPES

Lat's hear the pipes. When Daavit soothed the king
An' thoomed the harp, an' flang aside the sling,
Baith Saul an' Psalmist had come better speed
Wi' some brisk port upo' the chanter reed,—
The lad's brogue beatin' to the dirlin' spring.

A mither's diddlin' till her bairn can bring
The sleep that flees fae fussle, trumpe or string,
But gin ye'd heeze the hert, an' stir the bleed,
Lat's hear the pipes.

Nae liltin' lasses gar the gloamin's ring,
Auld men an' frail maun face the furth's onding
At scythe an' ploo, for mony a lad lies deid
Whaur nae Scots divot kindly haps his heid.
In dowie days, when few hae hert to sing,
Lat's hear the pipes.

1916.

HAIRRY HEARS FAE HAME

The aul' man starts, gey grumlie as ye see,
Syne the gweed-wife tak's haud an' cairries on,
Mary, the neiper lass, pits something tee,
An' last comes Sandy—he's a nickum thon.

The Aul' Man

There's naething new, excep' that ye're awa' ;
Fae year to year it's aye the same aul' thing,
Up to the gartens twa-three month in snaw,
Syne rivin' win's that tirr the byres in Spring ;
A caul' coorse Simmer, only gweed for girse,
An' Hairst is on ye or ye hardly ken ;
Rent day an' reekin' rucks set up your birss,
An' there ye are amo' the snaw again.

Roon' rowes the sizzens, Life rowes roon' the same ;
A bairn is born, is spean't an' into breeks,
Wydes throu' the carritches, an' leavin' hame
Fees, an' afore his feerin's straucht, he seeks
A cottar hoose to haud as daft a queyn ;
He dargs an' stairves ; a hoast brings on the en',
An' comin' fae the fun'ral some day syne,
Ye hear the howdie's on the go again.

The Gweed-wife

Ye ken your father, never heed him, Hairry,
He vreets like that to hod his kindly hert ;
Fan he was cairryin' on the nicht wi' Mary,
It micht hae been yoursel', for a' the airt.
He sat an' dried his nepkin there an' jokit,
An' aye as gweed's he gied she gar't him tak',
But, fegs, she got the reid face fan he yokit
To speer aboot her plans fan ye cam' back.

An' ilka day afore he tak's his denner,
He's doon the closs to see if Postie's come,
An' brawly we can tell ye fae his menner
Foo things are gyaun atween the sea an' Somme.
Upo' the bed-lids i' the ben, wi' batter
He's stucken maps, a' jobbit ower wi' flags,
An' gin the Gordons gar the Germans scatter,
Ye'd think he'd deen't himsel', the wye he brags.

Mary the Lass

My sodger laad, set on till't by your mither,
I'm eekin' oot her letter wi' a line,
Till Sandy's free to see me throu' the heather,—
He's never sweer to convoy "Hairry's queyn."
Your father's creepin' doon, but aye keeps cheery,
An' tyauves awa', fae mornin' on till mirk ;
Lang-lies are nae for him, hooever weary,
Nae winner fyles he's gantin' i' the kirk.

Your mither wyves, to haud her aff the thinkin',
The sheath is seldom frae her apron string,
But shank's ye like, it's nae like men wi' drinkin',
It disna ease the hert nor sorrow ding.
There's only ae thing ilka day that maitters,
An' that's gin ony news has come fae you ;
An', O my laad, there's bits fyles in your letters
I'd gie a lot to get by wird o' mou'.

SANDY—A NICKUM THON

Hairry, ye beggar, fegs an' ye're the buckie,
Bidin' awa' sae lang,—but ach ! we ken
The aul'est sons are aye the anes that's lucky,
They aye come first, an' get the far'est ben.
Here's me, that's cairryin' on the ferm an' wirkin',
An' a' I get for that's my claes an' kail,
While ye're oot there, jist sheetin' guns an' dirkin',
An' riftin' ower your raffy beef an' ale.

Come hame, min ; sattle doon an' mairry Mary,—
Oonless ye're lair't in some saft bog in France ;
We hear ye're pushin' on, but are ye, Hairry ?
It's time they gied hiz younger chaps a chance.
At onyrate, to shame the coordy footers
That winna 'list, fooever great the need,
Sen' something hame, to show them at the sooter's,—
A weel-cloured German helmet or a heid.

FURTH AGAIN

Ye're hardly hame till furth again
It's buckle the brogues an' fare
To the wearimost ends o' the earth again,
An' the wark that is waitin' there.
Ye are keen to gang, but it's lane an' lang
Lies ever the ootwith track,
An' it's guid to mind there are frien's behind
Aye wishin' ye weel,—an' back.

IN THE COUNTRY PLACES

"In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes."

R. L. S.

His pints wasna tied, an' the backs o' his lugs
Nott some sma' attention as weel—
But it wasna as gin it was Sabbath, ye ken,
An' onything does for the squeel.
Wi' his piece in his pooch he got roadit at last,
Wi' his beuks an' his skaalie an' sklate,
Gin the wag-at-the-wa' in the kitchie was slaw—
Weel, it wasna his wyte he was late.

The fite-fuskered cat wi' her tail in the air
Convoyed him as far as the barn,
Syne, munchin' his piece, he set aff by his leen,
Tho' nae very willin', I'se warn'.
The cairt road was dubby, the track throu' the wid
Altho' maybe langer was best,
But when loupin' the dyke a steen-chackert flew oot,
An' he huntit a fyle for her nest.
Syne he cloddit wi' yowies a squirrel he saw
Teetin' roon fae the back o' a tree,
An' jinkit the "Gamie," oot teeming his girns—
A ragie aul' billie was he.
A' this was a hinner; an' up the moss side
He ran noo at siccan a rate
That he fell i' the heather an' barkit his shins,
Sae it wasna his wyte he was late.

Astride on a win'-casten larick he sat
An' pykit for rosit to chaw,
Till a pairtrick, sair frichtened, ran trailin' a wing
Fae her cheepers to tryst him awa'.

He cried on the dryster when passin' the mull,
Got a lunt o' his pipe an' a news,
An' his oxter pooch managed wi' shillans to full—
A treat to tak' hame till his doos.
Syne he waded the lade an' crap under the brig
To hear the gigs thunner abeen,
An' a rotten plumped in an' gaed sweemin' awa'
Afore he could gaither a steen.
He hovered to herrie a foggie bees' byke
Nae far fae the mole-catcher's gate,
An' the squeel it was in or he'd coontit his stangs—
But it wasna his wyte he was late.

He tried on his taes to creep ben till his seat,
But the snuffy aul' Dominie saw,
Sneckit there in his dask like a wyver that waits
For a flee in his wob on the wa' ;
He tell't o' his tum'le, but fat was the eese
Wi' the mannie in sic an ill teen,
An' fat was a wap wi' a spainyie or tag
To hands that were hard as a steen ?
Noo, gin he had grutten, it's brawly he kent
Foo croose a' the lassies would craw,
For the mornin' afore he had scattered their lames,
An' dung doon their hoosies an' a'.
Wi' a gully to hooie tho', soon he got ower
The wye he'd been han'led by fate,
It was coorse still an' on to be walloped like thon,
When it wasna his wyte he was late.

It's thirty year, said ye, it's forty an' mair,
Sin' last we were licket at squeel ;
The Dominie's deid, an' forgotten for lang,
An' a' oor buik learnin' as weel.
The size o' a park—wi' the gushets left oot—
We'll guess geyan near, I daur say ;
Or the wecht o' a stot, but we wouldna gyang far
Gin we tried noo the coontin' in "Gray."
"Effectual Callin' " we canna rin throu'
Wha kent it aince clear as the text,
We can say "Man's Chief En' " an' the shorter "Commands,"
But fat was the "Reasons Annexed" ?
Oor heads micht be riddels for a' they haud in
O Catechis, coontin' or date,
Yet I'll wauger we min' on the mornin's lang syne
When it wasna oor wyte we were late.

A CHEERY GUID-NICHT

Noo I've sattled the score, an' the gig's at the door,
An' the shaltie is kittle to ca',
Aye the langer we sit we're the sweirer to flit,
Sae it's time to be wearin' awa'.
A douce eller like me, an example maun be,
An' it wouldna be seemly ava'
Stottin' hame in day-licht, an' jist think o' the sicht
Supposin' we happened to fa'.
Ye're weel-slockened noo, an' afore ye get fou
Be guided by me an' say " Na " ;
By my tongue ye can tell I've had plenty mysel',
Sae a cheery guid-nicht to you a'.

A cheery guid-nicht, ay, a cheery guid-nicht,
A cheery guid-nicht to you a',
By my sang ye can tell I've had plenty mysel',
Sae a cheery guid-nicht to you a'.

Rowe graavits weel roon', an' your bonnets rug doon,
Syne set the door wide to the wa',
An' the gig that's in front is the safest to mount,
Gin the dram gars you trow there is twa.
O it's little we care gin the furth it be fair,
Or mochie or makin' for snaw,

Gin it's frosty an' clear we can lippen the mear,
Gin it's dubby the safter the fa'.
Noo roadit for hame there's some I could name
Nae freely sae croose i' the craw,
For they've wives like mysel' an' the lees we maun tell
Blauds the tail o' a nicht for us a'.

It blauds a guid nicht, ay, it blauds a guid nicht,
When the wives winna swallow them a',
Tho' for peace ye may tell a bit lee like mysel',
Here's a hindmost guid-health to them a'.

SPRING

Spring at last comes blawin' in,
  Sandy's rankin' oot his wan'.
Lowse the kye an' lat them rin!
Spring at last comes blawin' in,
See the yallow on the whin,
  Pu' yon raggit-robin, man.
Spring at last comes blawin' in,
  Sandy's rankin' oot his wan'.

WINTER

Noo that cauldrife Winter's here
  There's a pig in ilka bed,
Kindlin's scarce an' coals is dear ;
Noo that cauldrife Winter's here
Doddy mittens we maun wear,
  Butter skites an' winna spread ;
Noo that cauldrife Winter's here
  There's a pig in ilka bed.

STILL, MAN, STILL

He's nae to ride the water on,
For fear he coup the creel ;
He's never mowse to meddle wi',
I ken't ower weel ;
He's aften deen a neiper doon
That never did him ill,
He may get grey but never gweed,—
An' still, man, still,

I've kent him lift anither's birn
When better men were laith,
An' wi' a nicht-boun' beggar share
Biel an' brose baith.
When stirks were doon an' rents were due
I've kent him back a bill
That kept a peer man in his craft,—
But still, man, still,

I dinna doot the story's true,
Ae Sabbath he was heard
Gyaun whustlin' doon the larick belt
Like some roch caird ;
He's never ta'en a token yet—
Suspicious an ye will
Whaur a' gang forrit aince a year,—
An' still, man, still,

Nae winter but a starvin' wife
  Comes for the bow o' meal,
His onwal wauger laid an' won
  At some bonspiel ;
To bleeze the burn an' spear a fish
  There's few that hae his skill,
An' nane like him can busk a heuck,—
  But still, man, still,

Nicht after nicht till a' the oors
  At catch-the-ten he'll sit,
At singin' orra strouds o' sangs
  There's few mair fit.
I've heard him fae the laird himsel'
  Refuse an offered gill,
Nae honest man but tak's his dram,—
  An' still, man, still,

When ye uphaud or I misca'
  There's aye the tither side,
An' whiles the very best o' us
  Would some things hide ;
We're maistly a' a mixture, man,
  Like pasture on the hill,
Whaur tufts o' girse an' scrogs o' breem
  Raise stoot tups still.

GIN I WAS GOD

Gin I was God, sittin' up there abeen,
Weariet nae doot noo a' my darg was deen,
Deaved wi' the harps an' hymns oonendin' ringin',
Tired o' the flockin' angels hairse wi' singin',
To some clood-edge I'd daunder furth an', feth,
Look ower an' watch hoo things were gyaun aneth.
Syne, gin I saw hoo men I'd made mysel'
Had startit in to pooshan, sheet an' fell,
To reive an' rape, an' fairly mak' a hell
O' my braw birlin' Earth,—a hale week's wark—
I'd cast my coat again, rowe up my sark,
An', or they'd time to lench a second ark,
Tak' back my word an' sen' anither spate,
Droon oot the hale hypothec, dicht the sklate,
Own my mistak', an', aince I'd cleared the brod,
Start a'thing ower again, gin I was God.

THE HILLS AN' HER

By nicht, by day, my dream's the same
The warl' at peace an' me at hame,
Awa' fae danger, din an' stir,
Back to the quiet hills an' Her.
Her an' the hills, wi' me to share,
An' Heaven itsel' micht weel be there.

A bower o' birks,—O happy dream !—
A wee hoose happit ower wi' breem,
A window to the Wast, a neuk
Weel-cushioned by the fire, a beuk
O' sangs—the sangs I canna sing,
For aye as throu' my hairt they ring
I lift my heid, an' lose the line,
To meet the een that's waitin' mine.

A gairden sweet wi' bud an' bell,
A windin' path, a mossy well
That starts a burn that tumbles on
To sink saft-oxtered safe in Don.
A scuff o' rain, a whirrin' reel,
An' lang or dark a heapit creel :—
Wi' routh o' flies an' souple wan'
What fisher ever envied man ?

An' caller trout, what better dish
Could ony couthie couple wish ?

Weel-bunkered links, a partner keen,
A putt for't on the hin'most green :—
Ay, but it's fine hoo dreams contrive
To gie guid golfers back their drive,
Put doon new ba's at ilka tee,
An' gobble Bogey fives in three.
Throu' mavis-haunted plantins then
While gloamin' steals oot ower the glen,
An' leanin' on the gate I see
The sweet-eyed lass that looks for me.

What's left o' life, thus, there I'd pass.
I dreamt the place, I ken the lass.

IN LYTHE STRATHDON

Seldom a simmer passed but him an' me
Amang the hills had some fine cheery days,
Up Nochtyside or throu' the Cabrach braes,
Doon the Lord's Throat, an' ootower Bennachie ;
There wasna mony bare hill-heads onkent to him an' me.

Never nae mair. I wander noo my leen,
An' he's been beddit lang in far Peronne ;
Here, whaur his forbears lie in lythe Strathdon,
I lay the stag-moss that I pu'ed yestreen—
Laurels fae Lonach, where I range oor auld hill tracks my leen.

HORACE, Car. 1, 34

Parcus Deorum

I HADNA crossed the Aul' Kirk door for mony a year an' day;
Quo' I, "When a'thing's fore-ordained it's little eese to pray";
But noo when Sunday mornin' comes I hearken for the bell,
An' few set oot in runkled blacks mair eager than mysel'.

For God Almichty in the past micht fyles forget his ain
When craps were connached noo an' than wi' weet or want o' rain;
But, Sirs! o' late, while hoastin' men are warslin' wi' the flu,
Frail wives in soakit shawls an' sheen are stervin' i' the queue.

An' ower the sea it's waur than that. The Marne is rinnin' reid,
The lang canals an' saughy burns are dammed wi' German deid;
An' bonny Wipers, braw Louvain, an' France's fairest touns,
Cathedrals, hospitals an' a' are levelled to the founs.

But noo the Kaiser an' his Kings are skirtin' fae the lan' ;
They seen got youkie roon' the chouks when God put tee a han' ;
An' Fortune like an aeroplane comes loopin' doon the blue,
An' kills a Czar to place in pooer some raggit Russian Jew.

HORACE, Car. I, 9

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte

Drift oxter-deep haps Bennachie,
Aneth its birn graens ilka tree,
The frost-boun' burn nae mair is free
To bicker by.

Haud on the peats an' fleg the cauld,
An' ere the hoast gets siccar hauld
Yon luggit pig o' fower year auld
Sall first gang dry.

On Providence oor cares we'll cast,
The power that stirs will lay the blast
When larch an' rodden firm an' fast
Will stand ance mair.

Whatever comes we'll grip the day,
It's oors to drink an' dance an' play,
The morn can bring us what it may,
Grey heads or sair.

Let gloamin' find us wooers still
True to oor trysts by haugh or hill,
The lassie's lauch will guide you till
She's catch'd an' kiss't.

Syne thieve her brooch or slip wi' care
The ribbon fae her touzled hair,
Half-heartit struggles but declare
She'll never miss't.

"THE GLEN IS MINE!"

"THE Glen is mine!" "The Glen is mine!" I hear
the piper vaunting,
I see the streaming tartan as he wheels upon the green,
And with the trippling of the tune old memories come
haunting,
But never can the Glen be mine as once it might have
been.

O long-lost Youth, how clearly once that braggart spring
you fingered,
How sure the chanter's promise then,—sweet reeds now
ever dumb;
The careless days, the merry nights when still you piped
and lingered,
Nor heard the broad insistent road that ever whispered
"Come."

O years misspent, O wasted years, in clachans of the
stranger,
Where gold alone was spoken of, and what red gold
could buy,
And now the envied treasure's won, forgot the toil and
danger,
And all the country-side is mine as far as meets the eye.

The farms are mine, the moors are mine, the mountains and the waters,
The castle and the little crofts, the cattle on the brae ;
But where the dark-haired sons of mine, the fair, the blue-eyed daughters ?
For all I own I wander lone a childless chief the day.

If she were here, if she were here, the stranger maid I'm minding,
The little maid I weary for, the maid I'm loving still,
Then all that with my youth I lost, again I would be finding,
And I'd be rich if she were mine, tho' herding on the hill.

For what is fame, an ancient name, broad haughs of corn, or money ?
I'd give them all for youth again, to wed a Southron bride,
If I could share a plaid with her, and girdle cakes and honey,
Not only would the Glen be mine but all the world beside.

" The Glen is mine ! " Dear love that was, I hear you in the vaunting,
I see you on the mountains, and I meet you on the moors,
When gloaming comes, each cave and crag, each field and stream you're haunting.
Heath, haugh and pine, they may be mine ; the Glen, the Glen is yours !

THE THREE CRAWS

The fusslin' halflin's hingin' in an' tittin' at the reyns
To gar the stot straucht up the theats mair aiven wi' the mear ;—
He winna scutter lang at hame wi' beasts an' brose an' queyns,
He lifts his kist for Canada gin Whitsunday was here.

Three weary craws are croakin' on the larick by the style,
An' dichtin', till the win' gings doon, their nibs upo' their taes,
They hinna had their craps sae fu' o' barley for a fyle,
For they've been happin' hard ahin' the harrow noo for days.

Quo' the ae black craw, " Faith it's time we wan awa',
The grieve is wearin' doon the dyke afore it's time to lowse."
Says the tither black craw, " Ay we'll better no be slaw,
Or we'll never see oor gorbels,—wi' a gun he isna mowse."

But the third craw leuch, he was young an' young aneuch :
" Ye are twa silly deevils, easy chaetit, easy fleyed,
That's a bokie weel-a-wat, an' a peer attemp' at that,
Your ringel e'en were bleared afore, but noo they're gettin' gleyed."

Syne they argued for a bit, but the birkie wadna flit,
He was young an' he was clever, Heely, heely, they would see ;
Wi' his din they didna hear till the grieve cam' creepin' near
An' banged wi' baith his barrels at the bourach on the tree.

But the earock sailed awa', nae a feather touched ava',
Left his twa mislippened neepers lyin' kickin' fu' o' leed.
An' he gied a lood guffaw, "They were richt than efter a' ;
They were aul' an' they were wily, but it's them 'at noo are deid."

Some threep the moral's this, "Ye'll ging never sair amiss
Gin ye hearken wi' a ready lug when aulder fouks advise."
But it is, I think mysel', "Noo an' than tho' lear may tell,
It's better to be lucky aye, than sometimes to be wise."

THE BRAW LASS

The lassie was braw, O the lassie was braw,
Wi' rings an' wi' brooches an' bracelets an' a',
An' chains hingin' doon like a wag-at-the-wa'.
O wasna she braw ?
Her frock was o' silk, ay an' braidit at that,
Wi' fur an' wi' feathers she buskit her hat,
Yet unco sma' comfort they brocht her awat
As ilka lang gloamin' sae lanely she sat,
Nae lads cam' to ca'.

She gabbit in German, but whaur was the need ?
In Buchan braid Scots comes a hantle mair speed :
She paintit fine pictures, but catch her black-leed
The swye or the pat.
On Sundays she sang like a lark in the choir,
But seldom she blaudit her sheen in the byre,
An' tho' sampler like hers wasna seen in the shire,
When it cam' to clout moleskins at nicht by the fire
Her mither did that.

The lassie grew weary, the lassie grew sad,
It's hard to be bonnie an' no hae a lad,
An' a wee sharger collie was a' that she had
To cuddle at e'en.

For music an' beuks are baith weel in their wye,
But a lass in the glen maun hae something forbye,
Some luck wi' the chuckens an' skeel amo' kye,
Or in spite o' her learnin' she's likely to lie
A lifetime her leen.

She wearied a' winter, but jist afore Pase
The gowkit fee'd 'oman when teemin' the aise
Cam' clyte in the midden—a bonnie like place—
An' twisted a queet;
Wark had to gang on, sae the lass buckled to,
She lowsed for the mill an' she trampit the soo,
There was little to strip when she milkit a coo,
An', sirs! sic a bakin's the queynie put thro'—
Her scones were a treat.

She hadna her marra at chessel or churn,
Nae washin' like hers ever bleached by the burn,
Fae seed time to shearin' she aye took her turn,
An' blythe as a bird.
The snod spottit vrapper an' wincey she wore
Jist gied her the glamour she wanted afore;
An' lang ere we'd clyack she'd wooers galore,
In gigs by the dizzen, on shalts by the score,
A' waitin' her wird.

A towmond come Tyseday the lassie's been wad,
An' wha would jaloose that she'd ever been sad?
While lucky, I'se warran', he thinks him, the lad
That won her awa'.

The cradle's been rockin' a fortnicht, an' noo
When gloomin' has set " Himsel' " free fae the ploo,
She shanks by his side an' sings " Hushie-ba-loo,"
As happy's the kittlin that plays wi' her clew.
Gweed's better than braw.

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

Greenock Burns Club, 1913

Auld Scotia, since that Janwar' win'
Rare hansel on your bard blew in—
Tho' mony a wintry blast has frayed
The fringes o' your tartan plaid—
Your sons hae borne your banner far,
Still first in peace, no' last in war,
Till noo in mony a distant land
The march-stanes o' your kingdom stand.
Yet aye the ranger's heart's the same,
An' dunts in tune wi' oors at hame,
Bound fast in spite o' land an' sea
By " Burns' Immortal Memory."

HERACLITUS

They taul' me, Heraclitus, that ye had worn awa' :
I grat to mind hoo aft we ca'd the crack atween the twa
Until the heark'nin' sun gaed doon news-weary i' the
Wast :
An' noo for lang ye're in the mools, whaur a' maun lie
at last.
Still, still they pipe your mavises, though sair the
Makkar's miss't,
For Death that coffins a' the lave your sangs can never
kist.

THO' I BE AUL'

Ye needna think tho' I be aul',
An' a' my bonnet haps is grey,
My heart is gizzen, crined or caul'
An' never kens a dirl the day.

A bonny lass can stir me still
As deep's her mither did when young,
An' aul' Scots sang my saul can fill
As fu's when first I heard it sung.

Gin throu' the muir ahin' the dogs
I dinna lift my feet sae clean
As swacker lads that loup the bogs,
I'll wear them doon afore we're deen.

I ken some differ wi' the dram,
Ae mutchkin starts me singin' noo,
But winds are tempered to the lamb,
An' I get a' the cheaper fu'.

An open lug, a gyangin' fit,
Altho' they've never filled my kist,
Hae brocht me wisdom whiles an' wit
Worth mair than a' the siller miss't.

An', faith, the ferlies I hae seen,
The ploys I've shared an' daurna tell
Cheer mony a lanely winter's e'en,
Just kecklin' ower them to mysel'.

There's some hae looks, there's mair hae claes,
That's but the brods, the beuk's the thing,
The heart that keeps for dreary days
Some weel-remembered merry spring.

Then ca' me fey or ca' me feel,
Clean daft or doitit, deil may care,
Aye faur there's fun, at Pase or Yeel,
Gin I be livin' I'll be there.

" AIBERDEEN AWA' ! "

(To the Aberdeen University Club of South Africa)

O SAIR forfochen here wi' heat
I weary for the wind an' weet
An' drivin' drift in Union Street
Fae th' Duke to Baubie Law.
Then mak' my bed in Aiberdeen
An' tak' me back ; I'll no compleen
Tho' a' my life I lie my leen
In Aiberdeen awa'.

I fain would dook in Dee aince mair
An' clatter doon the Market stair,
—O the caller dilse an' partans there !
The fish-wives' mutches braw !
Neth Marischal's spire or King's auld croon,
In hodden grey or scarlet goon,
For future fechts we laid the foun'
In Aiberdeen awa'.

In mony an unco airt I've been,
An' mony a gallant city seen,
Yet here the nicht we'll drink to een
Can vaunt it ower them a'.
They say ! They say ! Fat say they than ?
Weel, jist e'en lat them say, my man.
While, clean caup oot an' hand in han',
Here's " Aiberdeen Awa' ! "

WHEN LOVE FLEW IN

Unsocht, unseen, when Love flew in
An' landit there on Leebie's lap,
Wha could believe the bairn was blin',
His choice but just a lucky hap?

Syne tho' we ran to steek the door
An' clip his wings, wee, wand'rin' waif,
We'd seen furhooied maids afore,
An' wondered gin she had him safe.

Sae lest the little lass think lang,
Herdin' him ilka nicht her leen,
Till life be by we've thirled to gang—
Leebie an' me wi' Love between.

LOVE AND LAUGHTER

I ROWED a lassie i' my plaid,
A cosy bield in weety weather,
An' aye she kissed me back an' said
"It's fine to love an' lauch thegether."

O kind, sae kind, was she yestreen,
But lassies' hearts are ill to tether,
An' here I herd the yowes my leen,
Flung weary on the drookit heather.

Happy an' happit, Heaven above
Let her be that, I'll thole the weather;
Gie her the laughter, me the love,
Gin ne'er again the twa thegether.

ISIE

Isie, my lass, when ye gyang to the byre at nicht,
Wi' the lucky cogue that cuddles aneth your airm,
In well-filled wrapper an' goon preened back sae ticht,
There never was yet your marrow aboot the fairm.

An' syne when the milkin's by, an' the fire-hoose clean,
An' ye daunder oot for a breath o' the gloamin' air,
Ye dinna get far throu' the stibble or ley your leen,
The laads are loupin' the dykes to kepp you there.

The horsemen are hingin' about to see you pass,
The baillie's hairt is duntin' aneth his sark,
The yowes are left to wander at will, my lass,
There's that aboot *you* that disna gyang weel wi' wark.

The herd may lauch at the laads wi' their lowin' een,
But ye'll seen hae him i' the branks wi' the lave, awat,
Ye gied him a kiss to kitchie his piece the streen,
An' wersh is his mornin' brose when he thinks o' that.

The orra man's auld, an' he creeps to the stable laft
An' a cauld caff bed, but we ken wha he's thinkin' on,
Lowsin' his beets in the dark, when he's whisperin' saft
" The nichts are short gin ye dream o' a lass like yon."

It hurts me whiles when I think ye've had laads afore,
But ye winna forget, my lass, what ye've promised noo,
An' ye'll be there wi' your kist at the open door
When I come doon wi' the cairt at the term for you.

THE GOLDEN AGE

I'LL leave you the lasses that's still i' their teens,
Lang-haired an' reid-cheekit, short-coatit an' a',
An' maids i' the twenties, tho' cuddlesome queans,—
They've mair skeel o' kissing at thirty-an'-twa.

At forty an 'oman is easy to please,
Jist shoggle the tree an' she's ready to fa',
Her sense or her smeddum you're welcome to reeze,—
The age for an oxter is thirty-an'-twa.

There's runts syne o' fifty, o' saxty an' mair,
Would hooie their sauls for a kiss an' a clap,
But tho' they've the nowt, an' the notes may be there,
Nae siller mak's up for a shortage o' sap.

Aul' berries are bitter, young grozarts are green,
But mid-wye they're ripe an' the sweetest o' a' ;
To kittle, to coort, for a wife or a frien',
Gie me the dear deemie that's thirty-an'-twa.

AY, FEGS

Ay, fegs, an' fat dae ye think o' my legs ?
Ye hinna seen me i' my sodger's kilt for weeks,
For aye as I'm mairchin' by, some limmer is sure to cry
"Wi' shanks like that ye'd better hae stuck to breeks."
Na, fegs, they needna lauch at my legs,
For mony a weary fecht they've brocht me through ;
Ay, fegs, gin't hadna been for my legs
O I would be a cauld corp noo.

Ay, fegs, when the sergeant saw my legs
He was handin' ower the shillin' afore he spoke,
He kent brawly fat ye need to wyde amo' fire an' bleed,
Sae he clappit me on the shou'der an' ca'd me "Jock."
Na, fegs, he didna lauch at my legs,
He kent the weary fechts they'd bring me through ;
Ay, fegs, gin't hadna been for my legs
O I would be a cauld corp noo.

Eh, man, sic a terrible day was thon,
The bullets an' ba's were fleein' aboot like snaw ;
"Strike oot," they cried, "for hame," but the feck o' the lave was lame,
An' I got there twa days afore them a'.

Ay, fegs, sic a handy thing is your legs,
An' mony a weary fecht they bring you through;
Na, fegs, gin't hadna been for my legs
O I would be a cauld corp noo.

Ay, fegs, when a cannon ba' grazed my legs
It mindit me upon something I'd forgot,
My auld mither ower the sea, sittin' wearyin' sair for me,
For wha would dibble her kail gin I was shot?
Ay, fegs, she aye admired my legs,
An' here I'm back i' the Cabrach wi' the coo;
Na, fegs, gin't hadna been for my legs
O I would be a cauld corp noo.

A' IN A BREIST

At it, a' at it, a' aye at it,
A' in a breist like the wife's ae coo,
Naething can lick ye oonless ye lat it,
Aff wi' your coat than an' intill't noo.
When ye aince start in ye maun never quat it,
Tho' your houghs are sair an' your han's are scrattit
Dinna pit aff speirin' " Faur ? " or " Foo ? "
Or coontin' the yarks when ye hardly hat it ;
Tho' your thrapple's dry dinna wait to wat it,
The drink will bide till the wark's a' through :
Ye can tell come nicht hoo ye pech't an' swattit,
But doon wi' your heid, man, an' intill't noo.
An' at it, a' at it, a' aye at it,
A' in a breist like the wife's ae coo.

YOKIN' THE MEAR

The wife has her notions, she greets like a bairn
To think 'at we're sinners an' like to be lost;
The state o' my sowl is her daily concairn,
When a' I need's something to sattle my host.

She hankers for heaven, I'm canty doon here,
A snod thackit steadin' wi' nowt in the byre,
An' a market on Tysedays for me an' the mear,
Fat mair could a simple aul' fairmer desire?

She blaws aboot mansions up there in the sky,
But chaps me a deese in a but-an'-a-ben,
An' when there's a meen, a bit daunder doonby
To crack ower a dram amo' fouk 'at I ken.

'Twould only be waste pittin' wings upo' me,
Sae short i' the breath an' sae brosy an' big,
For tho' I could reest I'm ower heavy to flee,
The wife can hae feathers, but I'm for a gig.

A grace to the kail, an' the readin' at nicht,
Wi', or I gang forrit, a preachin' or twa,
I'll lippen to that when some gloamin' the vricht
Screws doon the kist lid an' I'm throu' wi' it a'.

Lat her be translatit, but leave me my leen
Wi' plooin' an' sawin' to scutter on here,
I'll ken 'at she's happy herp-herpin' abeen,
An' fussle content when I'm yokin' the mear.

THE TINKLER

Gin I was a sturdy tinkler
  Trampin' lang roads an' wide,
An' ye was a beggar hizzie
  Cadgin' the country side ;

The meal bags a' your fortune,
  A jinglin' wallet mine,
I wouldna swap for a kingdom
  Ae blink o' my raggit queyn.

The gowd that hings at your lugs, lass,
  I would hammer it for a ring,
Syne Hey for a tinklers' waddin'
  An' the lythe dyke-sides o' Spring.

O whiles we would tak' the toll-road
  An' lauch at the Norlan' win',
An' whiles we would try the lown roads,
  An' the wee hill-tracks that rin.

Whaur the blue peat reek is curlin'
  An' the mavis whussles rare,
We'd follow the airt we fancied
  Wi' nane that we kent to care.

An' ye would get the white siller
Spaein' the lasses' han's,
An' I would win the broun siller
Cloutin' the aul' wives' cans.

Whiles wi' a stroop to souder,
Girdin' at times a cogue,
But aye wi' you at my elbuck
To haud me content, ye rogue.

We'd wash in the rinnin' water,
An' I would lave your feet,
An' ye would lowse your apron
An' I would dry them wi't.

I'd gaither yows at gloamin'
An' ye would blaw the fire,
Till the lilt o' the singin' kettle
Gart baith forget the tire.

An' blithe, my cuttie luntin',
We'd crack aboot a' we'd seen,
Wi' mony a twa-han' banter
Aneth the risin' meen.

Syne in some cosy plantin'
Wi' fern an' heather spread,
An' the green birks for rafters
The lift would roof your bed.

An' when your een grew weary
Twa stars would tine their licht,
An' saftly in my oxter
I'd faul' you for the nicht.

Nae cry fae frichtened mawkin,
  Snared in the dewy grass,
Nor eerie oolet huntin'
  Would wauken you then, my lass.

An' when the mists were liftin'
  An' the reid sun raise to peep,
Ye would only cuddle the closer
  An' lauch to me in your sleep.

Wi' a' the warl' to wander,
  An' the fine things yet to see,
Will ye kilt your coats an' follow
  The lang, lang road wi' me?

The open lift an' laughter—
  Is there onything mair ye lack?
A wee heid in the bundle
  That shouds upon my back.

BENNACHIE

THERE's Tap o' Noth, the Buck, Ben Newe,
Lonach, Benrinnes, Lochnagar,
Mount Keen, an' mony a Carn I trow
That's smored in mist ayont Braemar.
Bauld Ben Muich Dhui towers, until
Ben Nevis looms the laird o' a' ;
But Bennachie ! Faith, yon's the hill
Rugs at the hairt when ye're awa' !

Schiehallion,—ay, I've heard the name—
Ben More, the Ochils, Arthur's Seat,
Tak' them an' a' your hills o' fame
Wi' lochans leamin' at their feet ;
But set me doon by Gadie side,
Or whaur the Glenton lies by Don—
The muir-cock an' the whaup for guide
Up Bennachie I'm rivin' on.

Syne on the Mither Tap sae far
Win'-cairdit clouds drift by abeen,
An' wast ower Keig stands Callievar
Wi' a' the warl' to me, atween.
There's braver mountains ower the sea,
An' fairer haughs I've kent, but still
The Vale o' Alford ! Bennachie !
Yon is the Howe, an' this the Hill !

GLOSSARY

Ablach, insignificant person.
Aivrins, cloudberry.
Ajee, to one side.
Antrin, occasional.
Arles, earnest given in striking a bargain.
Asklent, askance.
Awat, I wot.
Awin', owing.

Back it, address it.
Baillie, alderman; *baillie* (*water*), bailiff; *baillie* (*in the byre*), cattle-man.
Ballants, ballads.
Ban, to scold.
Bane, bone.
Banster, one who binds the sheaves.
Barkit, encrusted with dirt.
Batter, paste.
Bauldrins, cat.
Bawd, hare.
Bed-lids, doors of box-bed.
Beet, bet.
Beet to, had to.
Beets, boots.
Begood, began.
Beld, bald.
Bents, hilly ground on which coarse grass grows.
Besom, term of reproach for a woman.
Besom shaft, broom handle.
Bessin', singing bass.
Bick, bitch.
Bield, shelter.
Biggin', building.
Bike, hive.
Birk, birch.
Birlin', whirring.
Birn, burden.
Birr, whirr.
Birse, bristles.
Birselt, birslin', scorched, scorching.
Birze, squeeze.
Bishop, to beat down earth or stones.
Blate, bashful.
Blaud, to spoil.
Bleck, bleckin', black, blacking.
Bluffert, blast of wind.
Bonnet-laird, yeoman.
Bool, bowl, marble.
Boss, hollow.
Bothy, cottage where farm servants are lodged.
Boukit, large, bulky.
Bourach, a cluster, small crowd.
Bourtree, elder.
Bow-cheer, armchair.
Branks, halter.
Braxy, sheep that has died a natural death.
Break, hollow in a hill.
Breet, brute.
Britchin, portion of harness.
Brochan, oatmeal boiled thicker than gruel.
Broke, become bankrupt.
Brulzie, brawl.

"Buchan," Buchan's "Domestic Medicine."
Bucht, a sheep- or cattle-fold.
Buckie, refractory or mischievous person.
Buff, nonsense.
Buirdly, stalwart.
Busk, dress, adorn.
But-an'-ben, cottage divided into two apartments.
Byous, exceedingly, out of the common.

Cadger, hawker.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, travelling tinker.
Cairtin', playing cards.
Caller, cool, refreshing.
Can, ability.
Cankert, ill-humoured, fretful.
Cannas, canvas.
Canny, safe, prudent, judicious.
Cantle, to lift or brighten up.
Cantrip, mischievous trick.
Carlie, little old man.
Carritches, catechism.
Cauldrife, causing the sensation of cold.
Caup, turned wooden bowl.
Cauper, maker of caups, wood-turner.
Caur, calves.
Causey, causeway.
Caw, to drive.
Chafts, chops.
Chaps me, exclamation when one person chooses a particular thing.
Chapper, beetle for mashing potatoes.
Chappin', knocking.
Chappit, struck (the clock "chappit"); *chappit kail,* mashed or bruised colewort.
Chaumers, chambers.
Chessel, cheese vat, cheese press.
Chouks, cheeks, neck.
Clachan, hamlet.
Claik, clash, gossip.
Clawed the caup, cleaned the dish. As a punishment the person last to get up in the morning had to clean the common bowl.
Cleadin', clothing.
Cleekit shalt, pony suffering from string-halt.
Cleuch, narrow glen, ravine.
Clinkin', mending by rivetting.
Clockin', brooding.
Clog-fit, club-foot.
Clorty, dirty, sticky.
Closs, enclosure, passage.
Cloutie, small cloth.
Clouts, mends, patches.
Clyack, when the last sheaf is cut in harvest.
Coggin', feeding from the cog or wooden pail.
Cogue, wooden milking pail.
Connached, abused, wasted, destroyed.
Coof, coward.
Coordy-lick, coward's blow.
Core, company, corps.
Corp, corpse.
Cotts, petticoats.
Coup, to exchange.
Coupit the ladle, played see-saw.
Couthy, affable, kindly.
Covin-tree, trysting-tree, large tree in front of the mansion house where visitors were received.
Cowe, twig of a shrub or bush.
Cowshus, cautious.
Cowt, colt.
Crack, to chat.
Craft, small farm.

Craggins, jars.
Crap o' the wa', highest part of an inside wall.
Creel, basket.
Creepie, low stool.
Creesh, fat, grease.
Crined, grown small through old age.
Croose i' the craw, brisk and confident in conversation.
Crouse, brisk, lively, bold.
Crowdy, meal and water mixed cold.
Cruisie, ancient oil lamp.
Cuist, cast, threw.
Cuitikins, gaiters.
Curn, a quantity of indefinite size or number.
Cushie doo, wood pigeon.
Cuttie, short tobacco pipe.
Cyaurd, tinker, sturdy beggar.

Dambrod, draught board.
Darg, a day's work.
Daud, a heavy blow.
Daundrin', strolling.
Daw, dawn.
Deese, a long wooden settle.
Dell't, dug.
Dibble, to plant in a small hole.
Dicht, to clean, to wipe up.
Diddlin', singing in a low tone without words.
Ding, to overcome, to excel.
Dirdin', onslaught.
Dirl, tingle.
Dirlin', vibrating.
Displenish, to disfurnish, sale of furniture of any sort.
Divot, turf.
Doddit, without horns.
Doddy mittens, worsted glove without separate division for the four fingers.
Doit, a small copper coin.
Doited, in dotage.
Dook, bathe.
Dool, woe.
Dottle, the unconsumed tobacco remaining in a pipe.
Dozin, in a benumbed state.
Dreels, drills.
Dreep, drip, empty to the last drop.
Dregie, refreshment given at a funeral.
Drift, driving or driven snow.
Drookit, drenched.
Drooth, drought, thirst.
Dryster, man who dries the grain before grinding.
Dubs, dubby, dubbit, mud, muddy, muddied.
Dunt, bang, sound caused by the fall of a hard body.
Dwaam, a faint.
Dweeble, weak.
Dwinin', pining.

Earock, a fowl of the first year.
Easin', eaves.
Eekin', adding to.
Eident, diligent.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, elbow.
Ell-wan', yardstick.
Elshin, shoemaker's awl.
Ettlin', aiming.
Excamb, to exchange one piece of ground for another.

Fa', fall, fate (black be his fa').
Fae, from.
Faes, foes.
Faugh, fallow land, "Farmers faugh gars lairds lauch"—old Scottish proverb.
Fauld, fold.

Faured, favoured.
Feal dyke, wall built of sods.
Feerin', the furrow drawn out to mark the "rigs" before ploughing the whole field.
Fegs, an interjection; used for "faith."
Fell, kill, deadly.
Fell't, knocked down.
Ferlie, oddity, wonder.
Ferny-tickled, freckled.
Ferrier, farrier, veterinary surgeon.
Fiars, prices of grain legally fixed for the year.
Fient, fient haet, not a bit, the Devil a bit.
Fiersday, Thursday.
Firehoose, dwelling house.
Firry, resinous.
Fite the idle pin, a way of passing time.
Fittit, footed.
Flaffin', flapping.
Flan, gust of wind.
Flate, scolded.
Fleech, flatter.
Fleems, fleam, lancet.
Fleerish, flint and, flint and steel.
Fleg, frighten.
Fleyed, frightened.
Flyte, scold.
Foonert, foundered, broken down.
Footers, a term of contempt.
Forenicht, interval between twilight and bedtime.
Forfochen, exhausted.
Fou, stone crop, saxifrage.
Foumart, polecat.
Fremt, strangers, foreign.
Fret, superstition.
Fulpie, puppy, whelp.
Furhooied, forsaken.
Furth, forth, the open air.
Fussle, whistle.
Futt'rat, weasel.
Fykie, troublesome.
Fyle, while.
Fyou, few.

Gaberlunzie, beggar.
Gale, gable.
Galshochs, kickshaws.
Gang forrit, attend Communion.
Gangrel, wanderer.
Gantin', yawning.
Gean, cherry.
Geet, child.
Gey, gey aften, considerably, pretty often.
Girdin', putting on hoops.
Girn, snare.
Girnal, meal chest.
Girnin', snarling.
Girse, grass.
Gizzened, parched.
Glammoch, eager grasp.
Glaur, mire.
Gled, gleed, kite.
Gorbels, unfledged birds.
Gorbell't, when young bird partially formed.
Goupin', staring.
Graip, three- or four-pronged fork used in farming.
Graith, accoutrements, harness.
Grat, greetin', cried, crying.
Grauvit, cravat.
Grease, disease affecting horses' legs.
Greybeard, earthenware bottle.
Grieve, farm overseer.
Grippy, stingy.
Grumlie, grumbling, fault-finding.
Guff, smell.
Gurk, a fat short person.

Gushets, triangular pieces of land.
"Gweed words," prayers.
Gype, a fool.

Hacks, chaps, the effect of severe cold.
Hag, lesser branches of trees.
Haims, curved pieces of iron attached to horse's collar.
Hained, saved, not wasted.
Hale an' fere, whole and entire.
Halflin, half-grown man.
Hame-drauchted, selfish, greedy.
Hamewith, homewards.
Hanks, skeins.
Hantle, much.
Happit, covered.
Harlin', rough casting.
Harns, brains.
Harp (a mason's), wire screen for cleaning sand or gravel.
Hauddin', holding, house.
Haugh, alluvial ground beside a river.
Hauld, stronghold.
Heelster-gowdie, heels over head.
Heeze, heave, to lift, to exalt.
Hench, to launch missiles by striking the hand against the thigh.
Hine awa', far away.
Hingin', hanging.
Hint o' Hairst, end of harvest.
Hirsle, to move with grazing or friction.
Hish into the ree, drive into the fowl run.
Hiz, us.
Hoast, cough.
Hochs, lower part of thighs.
Hod, hid.
Hodden grey, cloth the natural colour of the wool.
Hooie, barter.
Horn-en', best room in a two-roomed cottage.
Houkin', digging.
Hoven, swollen, blown out.
Howdie, midwife.
Howes, hollows, valleys.
Hummel, without horns.
Hunker, to squat down on the haunches.
Hurb, a term of contempt.
Hyow, hoe.
Hypothec, hale, whole concern.

Income, ailment the cause of which is unknown.

Jaud, jade.
Jinkit, dodged.
Jobbit, pricked.
Jot, job, occasional work.
Jow, toll of a bell.
Jyle, gaol.

Kail, colewort.
Kain, rent paid in kind.
Kavils, lots.
Kebbuck, cheese.
Keel, ruddle, chalk.
Kepp, catch, intercept.
Kimmer, wife.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, churn.
Kist, box, chest, coffin.
Kitchie his piece, put something on oatcake to make it more palatable.
Kittle, excitable, quick-tempered.
Kittle, to tickle.
Kittle to ca', troublesome to drive.
Kittyneddie, sandpiper.

Knock, clock.
Kye, cows.
Kyte, belly.

Lade, mill race.
Laich, low.
Lair, burying plot, bed.
Lair't, stuck in mud.
Laith, loth.
Lames, broken pieces of earthenware.
Lampin', taking long steps.
Lane, alone; *his lane*, by himself.
Lapbuird, lapboard.
Lapstane, stone on which a shoemaker beats his leather.
Larick, larch.
Lave, the rest, the remainder.
Lay (*turning*), lathe.
Leamin', gleaming.
Leefu' lane, all alone.
Leems, implements.
Lettergae, one who gives out the line, the precentor.
Lettrin, precentor's desk.
Leuch, laughed.
Ley, lea, grass land.
Liftward, skywards.
Limmer, worthless woman.
Lint-pot, pool where lint is washed.
Lippens, entrusts.
Loan, loanin', piece of uncultivated land about a homestead.
Lochans, small lochs.
Loupin', leaping.
Lowse, make loose.
Lowsin', leaving off work.
Lozen, pane of glass.
Lum, chimney.
Luntin', smoking.
Lyaug, gossip.
Lythe, shelter, lea side.

Mant, stutter.
Marrow, match, equal.
Mart, ox killed at Martinmas for winter use.
Mask, to infuse tea.
Mason's mear, trestle for scaffolding.
Mauger, in spite of.
Mawkin, hare.
Mear, mare.
Mint, aim, intention.
Mirk, darkness.
Mislippened, deceived.
Mith, might.
Mochie, muggy, misty.
Moggins, boot hose.
Monyfaulds, entrails, the part which consists of many folds.
Mornin', morning dram.
Moss, moor where peats are dug.
Mou', mouth.
Moulter, multure.
Mouter, multure, miller's fee.
Mowse, nae mowse, no matter of jesting, not safe.
Mull, snuff mull, box, snuff box.
Mutch, head-dress for a woman.
Mutchkin, liquid measure.

Nearhan', nearly.
Neeps, turnips.
Neiper, neighbour.
Neive, fist.
Newlins, newly.
Nick, notch.
Nickum, mischievous boy.
Niffer, to barter.
Nott, needed, required.
Nowt, nolt, neat cattle.

O'ercome, burden.
Oes, grand-children.
On-ding, a heavy fall of rain or snow.

Ongauns, goings-on.
Onwal, annual.
Ooks, ouks, weeks.
Oonchancie, uncanny.
Oonfashed, untroubled.
Oxter, arm-pit.
Oxter-staffs, crutches.

Panged, crammed.
Partan, common sea crab.
Pass, passage.
Pech, to pant, to labour in breathing.
Peer, match, equal.
Peer-hoose, work-house.
Peerman, holder for fir candle.
Pig, pitcher, earthenware jar.
Pirn, reel.
Plisky, mischievous trick.
Ploy, frolic, escapade.
Pock, bag.
Pooch, to pocket.
Pooshan, poison.
Port, a lively tune on the bagpipes.
Pow, poll, head.
Pree'd, tasted.
Preen, pin.
Prob, to pierce.
Puckle, small quantity.
Pu'in', pulling.
Pyoch'rin', coughing.

Quaich, drinking cup with two handles.
Quake, heifer.
Queel, to cool.
Queets, ankles.
Quern, stone hand-mill.
Queyn, quean, young woman.
Quirky, tricky.
Quyte, coat.

Raffy, plentiful.
Ragie, raging, scolding.
Raith, quarter of a year.
Rant, quick lively tune.
Rantree, rowan tree, mountain ash.
Rape, rope, especially one made of straw.
Rax, to stretch.
Ream, cream.
Redd up, to clear up.
Ree, fowl run.
Reed, rood by measurement.
Reek, smoke.
Reemish, weighty stroke or blow.
Reeshlin', rustling.
Reest, roost.
Reets, roots.
Reist, to bank up a fire.
Reistin', restive.
Riddels, sieves.
Rifted, belched.
Riggin', ridge, roof.
Ringel e'en, wall-eyes.
Rippit, uproar.
Roch, rough.
Rockins, evening gatherings for work and gossip.
Roddens, rowans.
Rotten, rat.
Roup, sale by auction.
Roupy, hoarse.
Roustin', rusting.
Routh, plenty.
Rowed, rolled, wrapped.
Ruck, rick, stack.
Ruggin', pulling.
Rung, heavy staff.
Runt, withered hag.

St. Sairs, market in Aberdeenshire.
Sappy, moist, full of juice.
Saugh, willow.
Scob, to put in splints.

Scouk, evil look.
Scrat, scratch.
Scrogs, stunted bushes.
Scrunt, stunted in growth.
Scunner, loathing, to disgust.
Seggit, sagged, sunk down.
Seggs, yellow flower-de-luce or iris.
Set, rented.
Seyed, put through a sieve.
Shackle-bane, wrist-bone.
Shaltie, pony.
Shank, to knit, knitting.
Sharger, a stunted person or animal.
Sheath, holder for needles during knitting.
Shee, shoe.
Sheet, shoot.
Shillans, grain freed from husks.
Shoggle, to shake.
Shoon, shoes.
Shortsome, amusing, causing the time to seem short.
Shoudin', swinging.
Shouds, swings.
Shue, sew.
Siccan, such.
Sids, corn husks.
Simmer, summer.
Sizzons, seasons.
Skaith, hurt, injury.
Skeely, skilful.
Skelp, stroke, blow.
Skep, bee hive.
Skice, to run off quickly.
Skirtit, ran quickly.
Skites, flies off quickly.
Skraich, screech.
Skreek o' day, dawn.
Scull, a wicker basket.
Slap, opening, piece broken out.
Slee, sly.
Slips the timmers, (metaphor for) dies.
Slock, to quench thirst.
Slype, a worthless fellow.
Smorin', smothering.
Snaw-bree, melted snow.
Sneck, latch.
Sned, to cut, to prune.
Snell, keen, sharp, severe.
Snorl, a difficulty.
Snytin', blowing the nose with finger and thumb.
Sonsy, plump.
Soo, rectangular stack of hay or straw.
Sooker, sucker.
Soorocks, sorrel.
Soosht, punished.
Sooter, cobbler.
Sornin', obtruding on another for bed and board.
Soss, a mess.
Souder, to solder.
Souff, to whistle or con over a tune in a low tone.
Soughin', sighing, making a low whistling noise.
Souple, supple.
Spae, to tell fortunes.
Spainyie, cane.
Spairge, to bespatter by dashing a liquid.
Spate, flood.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to enquire.
Spring, tune.
Squeel, school.
Stachers, staggers.
Stag-moss, alpine club moss.
Stance, place, station.
Stang, long pole ; (of a trump), tongue of a Jew's harp.
Stank, pond, ditch.
Starkly, strongly, bravely.

Starn, star.
Steed, stood.
Steek, stitch.
Steen-chackert, stone-chat.
Steer, stir, disturb.
Stent, extent of task.
Stirk, young bullock.
Stob, thorn.
Stobbit, thatched by means of a stob or stake.
Stoitered, staggered, tottered.
Stookit, put into shocks.
Stoor, dust.
Stoorum, gruel.
Store the kin, live, keep up the stock.
Stot, bullock older than a stirk.
Stounds, aches, acute pains.
Streek, stretch.
Streen, yesterday.
Stroop, a spout.
Stroud, senseless silly song.
Strype, small rill.
Stucken, stuck.
Studdy, anvil.
Swacker, nimbler.
Swak, supple.
Swarfed, fainted.
Swatch, sample piece.
Sweel, swill, to wash away.
Sweer, sweir, lazy.
Sweeties, readin', conversation lozenges.
Swith, swiftly.
Swither, hesitate.
Swye, pivoted rod in chimney for hanging pots.
Syne, then, since.

Tablin', top stones on a gable.
Tack, lease.
Taits, locks, small portions.
Tansies, ragweed.
Tap, top.
Tashed, fatigued.
Ted, toad, applied to children or young women as a term of endearment.
Teels, tools.
Teem, toom, empty.
Teemin' his girns, emptying his snares.
Teen, tune; *ill teen*, bad humour.
Tenty, careful, attentive.
Teuch, tough.
Teuchat, lapwing.
Thackit, thatched.
Theats, traces.
Thewless, feeble.
Thiggin', to go about receiving supply not in the way of common mendicants, but rather giving others an opportunity of showing their liberality.
Thirled, bound or enthralled.
Thoom, thumb, to massage with the thumbs.
Thow, thaw.
Thrang, throng.
Thrapple, throat.
Thrave, two stooks or 24 sheaves.
Thraw, twist, sprain.
Thrawcruik, implement for twisting straw ropes.
Threepit, insisted.
Threeve, throve.
Thrums, ends of yarn; *span her thrums*, purred.
Timmer, timber.
Tint, lost.
Tirl, act of vibrating.
Tirl the sneck, twirl the handle of the latch.
Tirr, to strip forcibly.
Tittit the tow, pulled the bell-rope.
Toom, empty.
Tocher, dowry.
Tod, fox.

Townmond, twelvemonth.
Trail the rape, Hallowe'en spell which consisted in dragging a straw rope of peculiar make round the house.
Trams, shafts, as of a cart.
Trauchled, draggled.
Travise, division between stalls.
Troke, barter.
Trued, played truant.
Truff, turf.
Trumpe, Jew's harp.
Tulzie, quarrel.
Tweezlock, another name for thrawcruik.
Tyauve (*wi' a*), with great difficulty.

Unco, strange, uncommon.

Verge, watch with verge movement.
Virr, force, impetuosity.
Vratches, wretches.
Vreetin', writing.
Vricht, wright.

Wadset, to mortgage.
Waled, chosen.
Waller, weller, frequenter of St. Ronan's Well.
Wan', wand, fishing-rod.
Wardly, worldly.
Wared, expended.
Warsle, to wrestle, to strive.
Wastrie, a waste.
Waucht, large draught.
Weet, wet.
Weird, fate, destiny.
Wersh, tasteless.
Whaup, curlew.
Wheeple, shrill intermitting note with little variation of tone.
Whip-the-cat, tailor with no fixed place of business, who goes from house to house.
Whorl, flywheel of a spindle made of wood or stone.
Whylock, little while.
Wicks o' mou's, corners of the mouth.
Winceys, petticoats made of wincey.
Wiss, wish.
Wuddy, gallows.
Wydes, weeds.
Wye, way.
Wyte, wytin', blame.
Wyver, a spider.
Wyvin', knitting, weaving.

Yeldrin, yellow-hammer.
Yett, gate.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin', working period during which horses are in harness.
Youkie, itchy.
Yowes, ewes.
Yows, yowies, fir cones.